

Some Neglected Aspects of the Entente Cordiale. From The National Review.

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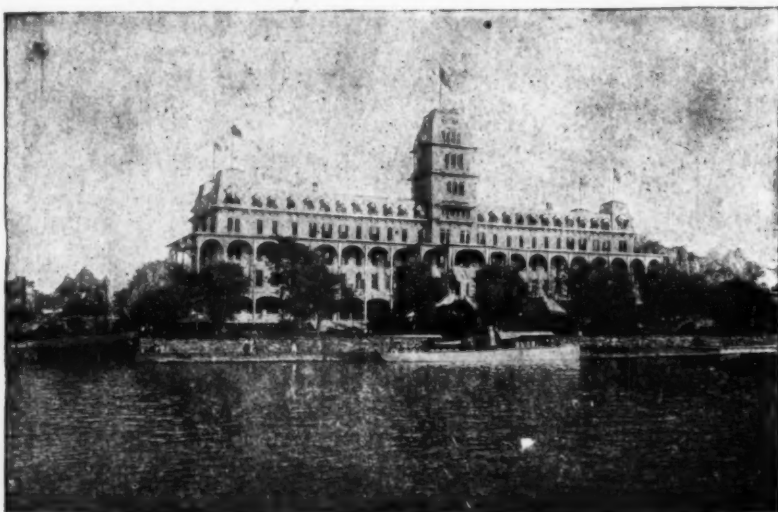


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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME XL.

No. 3339 July 4, 1908.

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Vol. CCLVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

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ENGLAND'S FIELDS.

England's cliffs are white like milk,
 But England's fields are green;
 The gray fogs creep across the moors,
 But warm suns stand between.
 And not so far from London Town,
 beyond the brimming street,
 A thousand little summer winds are
 singing in the wheat.

Red-lipped poppies stand and burn,
 The hedges are aglow;
 The daisies climb the windy hills
 Till all grow white like snow.
 And when the slim, pale moon slides
 up, and dreamy night is near,
 There's a whisper in the beeches for
 lonely hearts to hear.

Poppies burn in Italy,
 And suns grow round and high;
 The black pines of Posillipo
 Are gaunt upon the sky—
 And yet I know an English elm beside
 an English lane
 That calls me through the twilight and
 the miles of misty rain.

Tell me why the meadow-lands
 Become so warm in June;
 Why the tangled roses breathe
 So softly to the moon;
 And when the sunset bars come down
 to pass the feet of day,
 Why the singing thrushes slide be-
 tween the sprigs of May?

Weary, we have wandered back—
 And we have travelled far—
 Above the storms and over seas
 Gleamed ever one bright star—
 O England! when our feet grow cold
 and will no longer roam,
 We see beyond your milk-white cliffs
 the round, green fields of home.
Lloyd Roberts.

The Windsor Magazine.

A SONG OF DEVON.

Were I offered a city with streets of
 gold
 Ringing with music from dawn of day,
 Whose winds were laden with stories
 old

Of lovers who linger and priests who
 pray,
 I would not listen nor change—not I—
 For the sun and the scent of this
 Devon lane,
 And the song of the brook as it wan-
 ders by
 Is music enough for a wearied brain.

Do you tell me of islands whose skies
 are deep
 Behind a lattice of steadfast stars,
 Where forests of crimson coral sleep
 And white foam murmurs on hidden
 bars?
 I will show you the moor and its sunny
 dells
 Crowded with foxgloves, shoulder-
 high;
 Hedges brimming with honey-bells,
 Garths of wild hyacinths, blue as the
 sky.

O, strong and loud is the rain on the
 leaves—
 ('Tis distant cavalry racketing past!)
 O, fine and clean are the windy
 cleaves—
 (Fairy cavalry, galloping fast!)
 Three thrushes are whistling, deep in
 the wood,
 For the earth smells sweet as a
 thousand flowers;
 The banks are snowy with hawthorn-
 rood,
 And Summer and life and love are
 ours.

Shade in the valley, light on the hills,
 But at even, the sun through a porch
 of green
 Flames by the clustered tree-trunks,
 fills
 Each swift cascade with a rainbow
 sheen;

Who would exchange for a Southern
 strand
 This gray old bridge, or this winding
 lane?
 Then sing for the dear, brave Devon
 Land
 Whose children must ever return
 again!

Wilfrid L. Randell.

The Academy.

SOME NEGLECTED ASPECTS OF THE ENTENTE
CORDIALE.

The wonderful ovation accorded to President Fallières by all classes of the community and the fraternization of English and French at the Franco-British Exhibition have once more demonstrated that the *entente cordiale* is viewed with the utmost satisfaction by the British nation. But there is always the risk of losing sight of the sterner and more practical aspects of any question which is viewed through a halo of sentiment and gush. Sentiment, of course, has its proper uses; but international friendship must rest upon some more solid basis than a deluge of words and catch-phrases. It is one of the greatest perils of democracy that it is apt to mistake speeches for deeds, talk for action. If a Minister declares that he will maintain the strength of the British Navy, the House of Commons and the nation go home to bed saying that the thing is done. If after-dinner orators assert that England and France are kindred in sympathies, bound by democratic aspirations, all-powerful for peace, their audiences are apt to infer that a solid alliance unites the two, and that the peace of Europe is permanently assured.

From what has the improvement in Anglo-French relations arisen—an improvement in which every patriotic Englishman rejoices? It is childish to pretend that it is due to the fact that both nations are democracies. The French Republic fifteen years ago became the ally of autocratic Russia, and remains her ally. It were equally ridiculous to pretend that some affinity has suddenly been discovered between the British and the French characters. The character of a nation changes slowly if at all in the lapse of ages and generations. It is not then in sentiment or in some transformation of

the national temperament that the *entente* has its foundations, and it is just as well that this should be so. For sentiment is admittedly irrational and fickle, while, if national character were capable of sudden transformations, there would be nothing to prevent hate to-morrow from succeeding love.

The *entente* originated in the simultaneous discovery of England and France, that their antagonism was being exploited by a third Power for its peculiar advantage and profit. As Busch's indiscretions show, Bismarck held that England and France must be kept apart at all costs, and upon this principle German diplomacy unswervingly acted down to 1904. It was at Bismarck's suggestion that M. Jules Ferry embarked upon his Colonial policy in the eighties of last century, the German calculation being that French proceedings in Madagascar, Tunis, and Tonkin and the British occupation of Egypt would produce eternal friction between France and England. Again and again in the years between 1889 and 1898, when British and French policy was largely influenced by Berlin, peace between England and France trembled in the balance. Two peoples, each pacific by nature and each detesting war, were manipulated like puppets by the dexterous diplomacy of the Wilhelmstrasse. Attempts were made to draw France into a coalition against England and England into a coalition against France. The action of France in Siam in 1893 all but provoked a conflict. On that occasion some hasty words of the Kaiser, who was at Cowes during the racing, suggested that he would have viewed such a war with delight. In 1895 France was entangled by German diplomacy in a demonstration nominally against

Japan, but actually many people thought against England. In 1896, as we now know from memoirs and the statements of French and German statesmen, Germany proposed to France and Russia joint action against England, and this lay behind the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger. France and Russia declined the suggestion, perhaps because the Tsar and M. Faure saw that the destruction of British sea-power would have left Germany absolutely supreme in Europe. The British public knew nothing of their refusal, or it might even then have had far-reaching results. In 1897 the tension between England and France in West Africa became extreme, and the two countries were once more in sight of a conflict. A year later, in 1898, came the Fashoda dispute, when Germany bestowed her blessing upon each of the disputants and egged them on, while the German Press did its very utmost to aggravate their mutual bitterness. Because the difficulties of the two Powers were settled without a breach of the peace, through the skill and tact of M. Delcassé and the late Lord Salisbury, German diplomacy never forgave M. Delcassé. The violent attack upon him in 1905 was in some part due to the resentment caused at Berlin by his conduct on this earlier occasion. By avoiding war, he had paved the way to a reconciliation and foiled the German designs. The folly of quarrelling for the special profit of the *tertius gaudens* was in fact beginning to dawn upon both England and France in 1898.

During the Boer War there were fresh, but unsuccessful, efforts to enlist France in a crusade against England for the benefit of Germany. At the same time British statesmen were effusively assured of German support. Mr. Chamberlain's Leicester speech in 1899 has been ascribed to these faithless assurances. His suggestion of a

possible alliance with Germany, according to those who should know, was due to an overture of the Kaiser during his visit to England, but the proposal was publicly repudiated with scorn and contumely at Berlin, and served only to irritate France, while it was utilized by Germany to intimidate Russia into acquiescing in the Baghdad Railway concession. It did not, however, throw France into the hands of Germany, as German statesmen may have calculated that it would. Thus the manœuvre failed, and had the effect of awakening British suspicions.

The recent war in the Far East must be directly ascribed to the influence of the powerful pro-German party at St. Petersburg, since it is certain that neither the Tsar nor the responsible Japanese really wished to fight. Whatever the result, it was calculated at Berlin that Germany must gain. If Japan were beaten, the German plan of carving a colonial empire out of China would be capable of realization. If Russia were defeated, her position in Europe would be weakened, and Germany would become the arbiter upon the Continent, while France might be manœuvred into war with England, in support of their respective allies. Thus it was a disagreeable surprise for Berlin, when, before the war had been many weeks in progress, the Anglo-French Agreement was signed (April 1904), settling the principal questions at issue between England and France. There was nothing in this Agreement to which a Power in Germany's place could take legitimate exception, and, so long as the Russian army was intact, Germany ostensibly raised no objection to its provisions. When Count Reventlow complained in the Reichstag in April 1904, that Count Bülow had not prevented its consummation, Count Bülow replied that German commercial interests were not menaced in Morocco, and ridiculed the bleatings of the

pan-Germans. It was not until after the battle of Mukden that the German attitude underwent a dramatic change, and that a sudden attack was made upon France and M. Delcassé for the heinous crime of shaking hands with England. In the meantime, the North Sea incident had occurred, during which the efforts of German diplomacy were certainly not directed towards the preservation of peace.

The two Powers, England and France, reached their reconciliation because the temporary effacement of Russia in Europe left Germany supreme. The German Foreign Office well knew that there was no hostile purpose against Germany in the *entente*. France, deprived of the military support of Russia and upon bad terms with England, would have been wholly at Germany's mercy. *Voilà tout*. It could be no part of a sound British policy to disturb the balance of power in Europe, on which ultimately rests the preservation of peace and the security of Britain; and British policy, if its history be studied, will be found always and invariably to have aimed at preventing the inordinate expansion of any European State. In the early nineteenth century the Napoleonic Empire was withstood because its aggressiveness and military force made it a standing menace to the rest of Europe. In the middle years of the nineteenth century the ambitions of Russia were thought to render her specially dangerous. In the opening years of the twentieth century Germany holds the position which once was Russia's, and, still earlier, that of France—a position of unquestioned military ascendancy. If an attack upon France by Germany was to be feared, it was England's duty to assist the weaker State, and to supply that counterpoise which the temporary elimination of Russia had removed.

It was, then, a military danger, the

risk of attack upon either by Germany, that laid the foundations of the *entente cordiale*. On either side there was a solid basis of mutual interest. If France joined Germany against England and aided Germany in destroying England, she increased Germany's continental preponderance, and placed herself at Germany's mercy. If England looked on while Germany destroyed France, *c'en était fait de l'Empire Britannique*. The value of the Convention was speedily tested. In March 1905, after the battle of Mukden, the Kaiser landed at Tangier, and, speaking at the German Legation, directed an open challenge to the address of France. Two months later came the "Delcassé crisis," when German diplomats used language which led Frenchmen to suppose that they must either dismiss their Foreign Minister or face a German invasion, to meet which they were quite unprepared. At this juncture the British Government allowed it to be known that if an unprovoked attack was made upon France, Britain would be found upon her side. The French Government in its momentary alarm finally decided to sacrifice M. Delcassé, and to accept the German demand of an international conference to settle the Morocco question. Wilhelm II. undoubtedly believed that England would leave France in the lurch, and that then an end would be made at once of the *entente* and of France. He was, however, sadly disappointed; the attitude of the British Government was throughout correct and loyal, and it was recognized as such in France. And France was not attacked. The Liberal Government was equally loyal during the crisis of the Algieras Conference in the beginning of 1906.

But if the *entente* originated in a common danger, it is important for both countries to ask themselves whether

that peril has vanished, and, if not, what steps have been taken by either to meet it. The peril has not vanished. Since 1905, the German army has been further strengthened and there have been two fresh naval programmes. The tonnage of armored ships laid down by Germany in 1905 was only 37,000; in 1908, it is 80,000, and concurrently the number of destroyers begun has been doubled. German expenditure upon national defence, taking all the items of army and navy expenditure, and not excluding, as British comparisons generally do, the pensions charges, has risen from £53,500,000 in 1905 to over £60,000,000 in 1908. To compare these figures with our own figures we have to allow for the enormous saving effected in Germany by the indirect tax of compulsory service, which means that every German pound goes as far as £2 in England. Thus, far from slackening her preparations for war, Germany is increasing them. The peril has grown. The gravest fact is that while this has been proceeding in Germany, England and France have relaxed their efforts, reduced their military and naval forces, and effected so-called economies, for which hereafter they may have to pay a terrible price. The words of Germany are occasionally amiable, but her deeds speak for themselves. For what struggle is she making ready, when England and France are disarming, and against whom is she forging these redoubtable weapons at such immense cost?

Nothing in the world is more dangerous than illusions. In England and France are to be found a large number of well-meaning people who have persuaded themselves that, because their own sinews are slack and their own energies feeble, German statesmen and the German nation are like themselves. It would have been wiser to wait until Germany disarmed before reducing fleets and army corps.

Instead of so doing, reckless Parliamentarians in the two countries, in desperate anxiety to obtain funds for social reform, and forgetful of the fact that national prosperity depends upon national security, have fallen upon the French and British defensive forces and substantially reduced the margin of safety against a German attack.

In England, which is after all the real target of German manoeuvres since Germans affect to regard France as at their mercy whenever they choose to strike, the position is far worse in 1908 than it was in 1905. If France were suddenly attacked by Germany, it is absolutely vital that England should be able to come to her aid, not only at sea, but also on land, and with the largest possible army. The French General Bonnal holds that supposing England could place two army corps—this figure he thought in 1905 the maximum—in line in Lorraine in the first ten days of war, Germany would still oppose twenty-three army corps to the French and British 23. To be able to sway the balance and thus to maintain peace, England should be ready to throw into the scale not two, but four or five army corps—the force of which such third-rate Powers as Bulgaria, Sweden, and Roumania dispose—and she should not cherish the delusion that naval aid to France alone will suffice. The British contingent must be brought up with extreme rapidity and be available in the first days of war, since all instructed military opinion on the Continent holds that Germany will concentrate every effort upon fighting a decisive battle in Lorraine at the earliest possible date, and, if the British Army arrives after that battle has been decided, its services will be of not the slightest utility.

No steps have been taken by England to provide such a force. The Territorial Army, even if it really ex-

isted otherwise than upon paper, would be useless for war on the Continent, since its troops will require weeks or months of training before they can take the field, and its half-trained old-fashioned artillery would be massacred in battle by modern European quick-firing batteries. The regulars have been weakened by the recent so-called reforms. In 1905, despite General Bonnal, England might have been able to place 100,000 regulars in a fortnight at the disposal of France, though a great effort would have been required to accomplish such a feat. She then had available a comparatively large regular artillery, which would have been of priceless service to France, whose artillery is now markedly inferior in numbers to that of Germany. But the wholesale economies effected by the present Government, and in particular the reduction of so many regular batteries to mere cadres, have correspondingly weakened the expeditionary force which could be rapidly mobilized. In many respects, this so-called "striking force" is a paper army. No one knows, for example, how the horses for its batteries and transport are to be obtained, for the sources of supply during the opening weeks of the South African War have vanished with the disappearance of the omnibus horse. The enormous shortage of officers has not been made good. Those who study facts not words—which count for nothing in war—will doubt whether the whole system has not really gone backward since 1900. Behind the regulars, now so grievously diminished, behind the battalions so "ruthlessly, remorselessly, relentlessly" weakened by official insanity, there no longer stand 300,000 Volunteers and Yeomanry, all armed and acquainted at least with the rudiments of drill, but only a bare 110,000 men.

No one can foresee the precise influ-

ence which a great war would exert upon the nerves of an unwarlike people, such as the British have become. The consciousness that, with the regular army once sent abroad, they had no more power than the Babus of Bengal to meet a raiding force, would probably lead to a panic and a violent popular demand for the retention of all the available British regular forces in England. There would be the more reason for such a panic as any German movement against France, or against France and England, would almost certainly be accompanied by a German seizure of the coast of Holland and Belgium. General Langlois, one of the first and foremost of French military authorities, in his admirable little study of the Dutch-Belgian question, leans to the belief that, failing very rapid aid in considerable force, the Germans might make themselves masters of Antwerp and the Scheldt in the first days of war. If so, England would be confronted by a 'great army'—the 500,000 German troops told off for coast defence—lined up only a short distance from her coast, supported by the strongest navy in Continental Europe. The British people, in the Napoleonic war, would never have despatched an army to Spain, but for the 500,000 men who remained available to defend the home-land; it may even be doubted if they would have dared to allow their fleets out of the range of signalling from the British coast. Our modern strategists, who frame plans which ignore these facts, are living in a fool's paradise. What England needs to give effective aid to France, is a rapidly mobilizable field army, complete in every respect, of 200,000 men amply supplied with artillery, with large reserves, and with, behind it, a territorial force of at least 350,000 men. Without compulsory service it is out of the question to provide such an army, as the pitiful fail-

ure of Mr. Haldane's projects clearly shows.

The *National Review* has so often protested against the deplorable reductions which have been effected in the British Navy that it is needless to deal with them at length here. But it should be remarked that at the rate at which the British Navy is falling behind the German in construction of battleships, provision of sea-going torpedo craft, and the preparation of naval bases on the North Sea, the risk of this country losing the command of that sea is growing every month. The British Admiralty has been content to let things slide and to postpone all provision for war to a more or less remote future. Perpetually talking of what it is going to do, it is actually doing little. It has abandoned without explanation its own standard of force. In 1905 it proclaimed that the construction of four battleships annually was strategically necessary, and this was not a hasty pronouncement—like so many of its utterances—for the document in question was thrice revised. Yet in the three years which have elapsed it has fallen four Dreadnoughts or 33 per cent. short of its own standard, though the German navy has been and is being enormously increased. It has sold off for the price of old iron ships far better than those which the Japanese employed in the blockade of Port Arthur. It has cut down the allowance of ammunition. It has scattered the fleets in a series of detachments, in face of a concentrated German navy. It has left the North Sea without organized torpedo flotillas north of the Thames mouth, and it has stationed at the Thames mouth a weak fleet in a position which seems to invite a swift and crushing blow. It has left the Channel Fleet too weak to strike with the certainty of success. It has besought the nation to go to sleep; and threatened to resign, not to avert disastrous reduc-

tions in the Navy, but to prevent a dispassionate inquiry as to whether that Navy is adequate and properly prepared for war.

Thus it comes to pass that against Germany's increase between 1905 and 1908 of £12,500,000 in the outlay upon the means of aggression, in England there has been a decrease of £6,100,000 in the outlay on the means of defence. In France there has been a decline of £1,000,000 in the same period. This is an enormous change, and unless it is very speedily counteracted it must place England at the mercy of the Kaiser. Yet there are persons in this country who deliberately shut their eyes to this German advance, and, with Sir John Brunner, call for a further reduction of British armaments to the amount at which they stood in 1897.

In France the mistakes made by Parliamentarians have not been so disastrous, inexcusable, and perilous. But there also Brunners abound who forget the hourly menace of the vast German force across the artificial frontier-line, and who would have France economize at the risk of invasion and national catastrophe. Nothing can get over the fact that, owing to her rapid growth of population, Germany has a tremendous numerical advantage against France which increases every year. She has to-day three men to every two Frenchmen, a preponderance of 50 per cent., which is paralyzing. Even if we allow for heavy German detachments on the Eastern frontier to watch Russia, the German staff will probably be able to bring up 900,000 organized troops against the French 800,000 on the Lorraine frontier, and at least 10 per cent. more quick-firing field guns. The Germans, by the most careful calculations, will be ready at least twelve hours and possibly twenty-four hours before France, because their constitution is adapted to modern military needs and the mobilization begins

in Germany at a simple word from the Kaiser. Thus Germany will take the initiative and will gain a further advantage. In the quality and decision of the command, if we study French expert criticisms, we learn that France will have no advantage. The training of her troops is not so good as that of the Germans for a variety of reasons, but mainly because the French effectives rarely approach their paper strength, and because the effect of the two years' system on the quality of the artillery has been unfavorable, so that the French artillery is no longer what it was four years ago, the best in Europe for its size. In *moral*, according to good French authorities, the French troops leave much to desire. General Bonnal declares that "authority, discipline, patriotism, the three factors essential to success in war, have signally lost their influence in France of recent years owing to subversive doctrines." General Langlois speaks of the "demoralization of the children . . . by perilous and false ideas." General Négrier declares that pacifism has undermined the courage of the army, with its teaching that religion and war are two fictions by which capitalism strives to perpetuate the slavery of the proletariat. A semi-official publication has recently blamed for their devotion, three French teachers who were shot in 1870 by the Germans for daring to organize resistance at Soissons. It does almost seem as though France were turning against the "large names of her heroes," corrupted by the pacifist agitation.

Should German diplomacy succeed in estranging France and Russia—and in the opinion of most observers, the relations between the two Powers of the Dual alliance are less cordial than they were five years ago—the German preponderance would be still further increased and the entire German army with its equivalent of twenty-three

army corps and twenty-three divisions of landwehr and reservists, could be directed against the French in Lorraine, whose position would then be perilous. So large is the German mass of men available that it could not be deployed on the French frontier, and a movement through Belgium, violating the neutrality of that country, and taking the French forces on the flank, is anticipated. It is more than doubtful whether France could oppose such a movement with any hope of success, unless she was certain of the alliance of a military power, disposing of a good and well-prepared army.

The position of Holland and Belgium is, indeed, such as to cause the deepest concern in both England and France. The Belgian army is small and of doubtful value, while its mobilization is so slow that the Germans might have executed their march across Belgian territory, and even have rushed Antwerp, before it could offer any effective resistance. Even then, the Belgians only look for aid from England, and can do little to help themselves. The Dutch army is stronger, and the Dutch defences on the line of the Yssel far from contemptible, but the Dutch again could offer no prolonged resistance without powerful British support. General Langlois, who has examined the position of these two small States, face to face with the aspirations of Germany, has pointed out that German influence so far has prevented them from concluding a military convention and alliance; and it is at least possible that any attempt to make arrangements for mutual defence with France and England would be followed by instant war on Germany's part.

Though such are the conditions, the French Parliament cannot be said to have made any serious efforts to meet the peril on the Eastern frontier. The outlay on the army has been diminished since 1905, when we allow for

the supplementary vote of that year; despite the protests of M. Freycinet and the ablest French generals, the training of the territorial reservists has been cut down; while the reduction of service for all arms from three years to two was regarded as extremely dangerous by many of the best French soldiers. M. Messimy, the reporter of the army estimates this year, practically acknowledged that France had retired from the competition of armaments. "France," he said, "will no longer attempt to outdo her neighbors if they persist in the ruinous folly of excessive armaments." The efforts of those who would strengthen the French artillery in number of guns have been unsuccessful, and nothing has been done to augment either the number of batteries or the number of guns per battery—which in France is only four to the German six. In view of the efforts which Germany is making to develop the strength of her army, and in view of the steady increase in her expenditure as compared with that of France, the position of France from the military standpoint must grow more difficult every year, and failing the help of a powerful ally on land, the French people must ultimately choose between a war to which their forces are manifestly unequal and an alliance with Germany, which would cost them as dear.

The French navy is falling behind the German quite as rapidly as the French army is falling behind the German army. France, it is true, is still slightly superior in material at sea, but in the course of the next two years her advantage will vanish. She has now only six ships of *Dreadnought* type in hand to the German nine or ten, and her ships are building very slowly.

The National Review.

It is then quite evident that in neither country have any steps been taken to meet the storm which may burst any day upon France or England. The Mandarins have gushed; the newspapers have abounded in sentiment; but the Parliaments have sacrificed armaments to the desire for passing popularity. In neither country has there been indication of energy and determined will. But if the *entente* is to be more than a mockery and a delusion to either partner in the hour of peril, it is vital that it should be supplemented by a military understanding. Both States are, as I have said, pacific by policy and inclination; neither wishes to quarrel with any other Power; but each for its own safety must recognize that other Powers may not be so amiably disposed. French and British Ministers should frankly and freely discuss their defensive arrangements and their common obligations as regards Holland and Belgium, and reach the definite military agreement which alone can make the *entente* serve its true purpose of maintaining peace. But the first condition of such a compact is for Englishmen to understand that an alliance would inevitably make large demands upon the British Army, while necessitating the maintenance of the Navy. We are not entitled to expect the aid of France unless we can give her the assistance of a large force in Lorraine. This must be the final conclusion of all who study this difficult and delicate question. As it was France quite as much as Austria that was beaten at Sadowa, so it will be England quite as much as France that would be defeated in Lorraine. The two Powers stand or fall together; the ruin of the one means inexorably the ruin of the other.

Ignotus.

SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

"Such then, was Campbell-Bannerman—a combination of many remarkable political gifts with few of the ordinary and besetting weaknesses of the political life; with no disordered ambition, nor irritable vanity, no lasting hatreds; brave in adversity, modest in triumph; the plain, honest, kindly man who added lustre to even the mighty position of Prime Minister by the simple virtues which brighten and adorn millions of British homes, and are the best and truest elements of the nation's honor, strength and fame."—Mr. T. P. O'Connor's sketch (Hodder and Stoughton.)

"I am not prepared to erase from the tablets of my creed any principle or measure, or proposal, or ideal, or aspiration of Liberalism."—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Feb. 20, 1902.

It is related by those who should know, that, at a critical Cabinet Council in the early days of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government, the future of South Africa hung in the balance. It was still undecided whether to give full responsible, or merely "representative" government, to the conquered colonies of the Transvaal and the Orange River. Though, in the light of subsequent success, it seems difficult to realize this, there were many forcible arguments in favor of moving step by step to the final consummation of self-government. Those arguments had been strenuously urged by able exponents. The Cabinet appeared to hesitate on the brink of an irrevocable decision; and it seemed possible, as so often happens in such cases, that the spirit of compromise might prevail. At that moment, it is related, the late Prime Minister rose from his chair, and delivered to the Cabinet one of the most powerful and touching appeals that ever proceeded from his lips—an appeal for oblivion of the past, peace in the present, hope for the future. When he concluded, a dead silence prevailed. Then, without any further hesitation, the Cabinet voted unanimously for granting complete self-government to the new colonies in South Africa.

It is well that such things should be known to the world, in order to keep a great memory green. Fate deprived Campbell-Bannerman's Premiership of its full fruit of achievement; and there is some danger in these hurrying days

lest posterity should judge him solely by his brief record of Parliamentary achievement. We can imagine the historian of the future gravely wondering why it was that this Prime Minister was so greatly loved and so deeply mourned. "After all," he will say, "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Prime Minister for only two years. Few laws were passed during that period—he was largely thwarted by the House of Lords, whom he defied in vain." If, as we have every reason to hope, the next few years of strong and driving leadership should give a new lease to British Liberalism, there will be an inevitable tendency to look on the Bannerman Premiership as a period of lovely intentions rather than splendid achievements. It is not amiss, therefore, to place it on record that to him, and him above all others, is due the settlement of South Africa.

Alas, that the settlement of South Africa should remain without that companion act of conciliation which Sir Henry would surely have effected if life had been spared to him! The very delicate and charming memoir of the late Prime Minister which has been produced by Mr. T. P. O'Connor with such extraordinary rapidity,¹ reveals to the world how the last working days of the late Prime Minister were spent; and Mr. John Redmond's interesting narrative² has filled in the picture. It

¹ "Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." By T. P. O'Connor, M. P. Hodder and Stoughton, 1908.

² In "The Nation," Saturday, May 16. (The Living Age, June 6)

is a revelation which is of some interest to those who have been watching closely the great national drama that has lain behind the fleeting scenes of the recent by-elections. Sir Henry's last endeavors, to put it briefly, were given to produce the same peace for Ireland that he had already produced in South Africa. His last Parliamentary activities—so we now know—were given to negotiations with Mr. John Redmond over that Home Rule resolution which ultimately came on when he was too ill to take part in it. If Sir Henry had lived, things would have gone differently. That strange, sinister attack by Mr. Healy on Mr. Asquith would, it is clear, never have taken place. Mr. Asquith's speech, so careful and yet so misunderstood, would never have been made. We now know, for the first time, that Sir Henry's last act was a fresh effort for peace for Ireland:

Before the opening of the session there had been an interview between Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Birrell, the new Chief Secretary, and two Irish members, at which it had been agreed that there should be two Irish Bills in the coming session—one dealing with the question of Irish University Reform, and the other with the still unsolved and still menacing question of the Congested Districts. In some respects a subject even more important had been discussed—namely, a resolution in favor of Home Rule.³

The resolution was drawn up, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, as we now know from Mr. Redmond, had decided to wind up the debate. The event might have produced a change in the relations between the two countries:

The debate was looked forward to by the Irish leader accordingly with great hope; it was certain that a speech from the Prime Minister, couched in the

strong and unmistakable terms of his previous utterances, would have rallied the entire Liberal Party, and have brought to Home Rule a majority so decisive as to have marked a great step in advance.⁴

Sir Henry, in short, was on the eve of one of his greatest triumphs. Alack—
ad—

But the fair guerdon when we hope to
find,
And think to burst out into sudden
blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the ab-
horred shears
And slits the thin-spun life.

What is the characteristic that emerges from any reflection on these two episodes in the life of this man? Surely, the amazing staunchness of his nature. Since Sir Henry died, there has been a great deal of talk about the superiority of character to intellect. Such talk is largely beside the mark. Sir Henry was not in any sense a man whose intellect was inferior, either to his heart or his will. He possessed a brain of singular acuteness, and was endowed with a culture which few Prime Ministers, except, perhaps, Mr. Gladstone, have possessed. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, for instance, bears witness to his amazing knowledge of French literature; and he certainly was an admirable classical scholar. It was not that his brain was inferior, but that he kept it in a better state of discipline. Superficially a wit, and often a cynic, Sir Henry was, fundamentally, extraordinarily faithful and serious in his politics. It was he who uttered during the Home Rule crisis the famous phrase that he had "found salvation." The word expresses the nature of his convictions. Moreover, having once found salvation on any question, he never became a backslider. Having once made up his mind on the Boer

³ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 155.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 157.

War, and on the proper settlement of South Africa, he was not to be shaken from it by all the clever critics in the world. Having once been persuaded by Mr. Gladstone that the only cure for Irish discontent was Home Rule, he never tired or flagged in his devotion to that conviction. His principles had no moods. His beliefs were arrived at slowly; but, having once been established, were built on the rock.

It is not, perhaps, a trivial thought that this amazing staunchness of political faith was reflected in the touching personal devotion to which, in very deed, he sacrificed his life. I have been told by many that Lady Campbell-Bannerman was a wonderful house manager; and it was always clear that she was a good hostess. Perhaps here lay some of the secret of her hold over her husband. But these things are unfathomable. Suffice it to say, that the late Prime Minister was her faithful slave. They were inseparables. Every politician will remember how, during his leadership of the Opposition, at critical moments towards the end of the session, Sir Henry would suddenly disappear, leaving the conduct of the battle, just when it was raging most fiercely, entirely to his lieutenants. For a few days every one would ask, "Where is Bannerman?" And then a little notice in the *Times* would reveal that he had eloped, with his wife, to Marienbad. They were always doing that. It was one of the permanent troubles of Liberal politics in those days.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor⁵ gives a delightful description of the late Prime Minister at this Austrian watering-place:

There is no place where Campbell-Bannerman and his wife will be so much missed as Marienbad. They were among the first to discover that delightful health resort in the mountains of Bohemia, and they stuck to

their first admiration for it through upwards of twenty years. Their coming, indeed, was one of the events of the place; eagerly expected by the chief hotel proprietors, and regarded as marking an epoch of the season. It was under the blue sky, and in the easy and unconstrained atmosphere of Marienbad, that Campbell-Bannerman was seen at his best. His good-humor, his equableness, his freedom from all prejudice, his quaint and cynical wit—all these things made him a favorite companion of everybody. He rarely took the cure; but he walked every morning with the other guests, and with the characteristic and universal glass of the Marienbad invalid; but the glass, in his case, contained, however, whey or some other non-medicinal draught, and none of the severe waters which the other cure-guests were taking.

It is told of Amasis, the Egyptian King, that in the height of his sudden prosperity he was advised to propitiate the gods by throwing a ring into the Nile. It is sometimes difficult, even in these days, to avoid some touch of this old superstitious feeling when one sees how often a man raised to sudden fortune is buffeted on the morrow by an equal stroke of tragedy. Scarcely had Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman become Prime Minister, when the health of his wife finally broke down, and practically the whole of those two strenuous years—years in themselves of arduous, unceasing public toil—were shadowed and tortured by this slow sorrow. Mr. T. P. O'Connor gives a pathetic account of it.⁶

It is impossible to exaggerate what mental anguish all this caused to Campbell-Bannerman; at times it so unnerved him that he was not able to speak to a friend for any time without bursting into tears. And the very closeness and fervor of the affection which bound this couple together, rather aggravated the sadness and the torture of the situation. Accustomed

⁵ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 122.

⁶ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 124.

to tender and constant care from her husband throughout their married life, and perhaps counting with the greed of affection the few moments that were left of their almost lifelong companionship, the dying wife insisted that he should be near her during most of the hours of the day, and often during many hours of the night. Sometimes she was kept alive by oxygen; and it was by the hands of her husband—or at least in his presence—that the oxygen had to be administered; and this sometimes happened twice in the same night. Rushed to death during the day, with a thousand and one demands on his time, his work, his temper, the Prime Minister, in 10, Downing Street, was less happy than the cottager that tramps home to his cabin to healthy wife and joyous children. He was visibly perishing under the double strain, looked terribly old, and some days almost seemed to be dying himself; and there was little doubt in the mind of anybody who watched him that if the double strain were prolonged he would either die or resign.

Lady Bannerman died, as all who saw her during those days knew was inevitable; and the anguish of Campbell-Bannerman's last year might be summed up in those two simple lines of the bereaved poet:

But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

Mr. T. P. O'Connor gives some very touching stories of this last year.¹

If Campbell-Bannerman had been a younger man, or if he had been in strong health, it is possible that he might have recovered in time from such a dreadful blow as the loss of a wife so profoundly loved. But he never did recover. The cessation of the nightly calls to her bedside, of course, helped to restore something of his bodily vigor; but his mind never did resume its habitual gaiety. When spoken to once by me, he put his feeling in this pathetic phrase: "It used

to be always 'we'; now it is 'I'—which is very different."

It was indeed a mortal blow.

C.-B. said that when he had anything special to tell or interest his wife in reference to the news in the morning's papers, he used to rush off to her room. And even still, when he awoke in the morning, he found himself starting out in the same way to go and speak to her; he had not yet realized that he would never again have to take that little journey from his room to hers—that there stretched between them the long and dark journey between one world and another. I have little doubt that the death of his wife had much to do with the death of Campbell-Bannerman, too.²

Shallow observers, who had deplored the strain upon the Prime Minister's strength involved in the necessity of actually sick-nursing a dying wife—the strain by night of giving her her food and her oxygen, as well as the terrible work for the Empire by day, prophesied that the death of his wife would prolong Sir Henry's own life. But they had failed to gauge the staunchness of the man. It was like some cleavage of a physical ligature, which leaves an incurable wound behind—a wound that, slowly bleeding day by day, at last drains the victim of his life-blood. So the faithful old man, sitting in the seat of the mightiest, and dowered with the greatest prize that political ambition craves for, sickened in the midst of that blaze of light and power, and gradually passed to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

I have dwelt on this personal story because, after all, you cannot separate the private from the public life of a man, and because it reveals how very intimate a part of the late Prime Minister's character was this fidelity to all that had won his regard. As it was in domestic affairs, so it was in public. There was never any flinching

¹ Mr. T. P. O'Connor, p. 128.

² *Ibid.*, p. 129.

from the utter consequences of conviction, never any trimming of the sails. Even when success came, it was because in the course of nature the wind changed to suit the sails, and not because the sails were changed to suit the wind.

I turn from Mr. T. P. O'Connor's sketch to the very valuable collection of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speeches which have been opportunely reprinted by the *Times* after a fashion which every publicist will hope to see followed by that great organ in other cases.

What impression do we gain from re-reading these speeches? There is no severer posthumous test. Few speeches have survived the hour of utterance. Even in reading Gladstone's great Midlothian speeches we now feel the loss of that inspiring personal presence, that engaging power of gesture, that silvery voice. Bright's, perhaps, are more readable; because he was a rarer speaker, and trusted less to the power of his personality. But perhaps the only great speeches of the modern world that will survive are those of one who, in uttering them, is said to have uniformly emptied the House of Commons:

Who, too deep for his hearers, still
went on refining,
And thought of convincing when they
thought of dining—

the great Edmund Burke.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speeches will not, to say it frankly, mount into that fine companionship. They will not be read as oratory, for the speaker was no orator. His mastery of even such arts of exposition and address as he arrived at, was only achieved by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the cost of much labor and sore pain. I remember seeing Sir Henry in his earlier days address a

great meeting of some 5,000 people at Bradford. It was one of those great gatherings which thrill the real orator, just as the sight of an organ thrills the real organist — eager, enthusiastic, and patient. It was at one of the most difficult moments in Sir Henry's long effort after party unity, when any chance phrase might have shattered the fragile fabric once and for all. He could not afford to let himself go; and so through a whole hour he read to that crowded hall little sentences written on small pieces of paper which he held very close to his eyes, and which effectually divided him from his audience. At the moment it seemed almost a tragedy. That great gathering gradually cooled, slowly tired, and in the end saw its leader sit down with obvious relief. How often have I seen the same drama in the House of Commons! The wonder is that a man so little gifted with the elementary arts of eloquence could in the end command and hold the ear of the public at all.

The explanation probably is, that, in these days of verbally reported speeches, the actual physical arts of oratory are less important for the government of men than in times when the audience was smaller, and was immediately within the range of the orator's voice. The speech of a Prime Minister, apart from debating efforts in the House of Commons, is practically now a dispatch to the nation. Except for the sake of form, it might almost as well be written. The great majority of the people who were affected by Bannerman's speeches saw nothing of those little pieces of paper and that shaking hand. They did not know that Sir Henry's voice was weak, and that his physical presence had no magic hold over the eyes of any assembly. They read his words in speech after speech. They felt that this man was not playing with them or indulging in what are known as "fireworks,"

but held steadily to one broad faith in season and out of season. The British people soon tire of mere cleverness; though they are, like other people, very much fascinated and attracted by it. But when they want a man to rule them, they must have something more.

This is what explains the gradual hold which these speeches attained on the public mind. Turning back to them now, one is amazed at the steady courage and bluntness of Campbell-Bannerman's speeches during the South African War. Take one speech, which I have not read since I heard it, nearly seven years ago at the Holborn Restaurant—the speech in which Sir Henry applied to the Tory methods of campaigning in South Africa, that stinging phrase—"methods of barbarism." I shall not easily forget that gathering. It came at a period of great weariness, when some of us were heavy with the accounts that we had heard from the lips of those who had visited the Concentration Camps in South Africa; while we yet were at a loss to know how to bring home these things to the nation. We knew Sir Henry's difficulties—we realized the necessity that compelled him to moderate his indignation, lest he should once and for all destroy the Liberal Party. But some of us also knew that Sir Henry had that morning given an audience to Miss Emily Hobhouse, the intrepid lady who, at the cost of much personal suffering, witnessed the slow dying of many hundreds of women and children in those camps; and yet we had no knowledge that he would break the conspiracy of silence which seemed the only condition of Liberal unity. Sir Henry opened his speech quietly, with

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a few complimentary expressions to the Liberals around him—Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley and others. Then suddenly he turned to the war—the spectre of this terrible war. "He had been taken to task," he said, "because he had said that there could only be an insignificant fraction of the Liberal Party who approved that policy." Sir Henry then paused. "What was that policy?" he asked. He answered his own question in a scathing description of that form of warfare, then popular in a certain section of the Press, the warfare of farm-burning, devastation, and general destruction. Then he paused again, and suddenly, like a pistol-shot came that terrible utterance—"When was a war not a war? When it was carried on by methods of barbarism in South Africa."

The word had been spoken; and it was the boldest word that he ever spoke. It went out through England like a sword, dividing parties and families, defining the issue of those years, and bringing with it the cure of the very evil it condemned. Never was the power of bold speech more dramatically revealed; for within six months of the utterance of that phrase, the "methods of barbarism" which had been sanctioned or tolerated by the authorities in South Africa, were stopped by orders from home, sent by the very people who outwardly expressed the bitterest indignation at the phrase.

After all, the British people likes courage in its leaders; and perhaps the daring of those words was not wholly unconnected with the high honor and affection afterwards heaped on the man who uttered them.

Harold Spender.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RISING AND THE FALLING CAUSE.*

It was a changed world into which Janie was coming from the hills. The fact was first borne in upon her as she sat at her tent-door and watched her rescuers. Mr. Brooke had told her to put her things together and then rest until it was time to start, but it was better than any rest to enjoy the luxury of hearing English talked again, though the speakers were too busy to do more than exchange a casual greeting in passing. They were all civilians, except one Engineer officer, the reason for whose presence she did not at first divine, and she had met several of them in Bala—road or telegraph or canal officials whose occupation was for the present gone, and one stalwart young missionary, whom she had seen at Conference, and who assured her he had come on this expedition strictly as hospital assistant, under a solemn promise not to fight unless the party was in danger of annihilation. Success had made them cheerful, and she caught the nicknames by which they chaffed one another. Mr. Brooke was "the Old Shikari," the missionary "the Fighting Parson," and the Sapper "Cooke Junior"; she herself, as she gathered from a remark not meant for her ear, was "the Damsel in Distress," and was supposed to be the object of a romantic adoration on the part of Mr. Brooke. But watching their faces as they worked, she thought she discovered a new expression on all of them, of dogged resolution not unmingled with resentment. It is a look frequently worn by the Briton in times of public calamity, and signifies that

with the highest hopes and best intentions on his own part, he has been brought by his leaders into an unpleasant position. He will probably regain the lost ground, somehow or other, but those leaders will suffer, unless they can earn forgiveness from their placable country by some timely feat of arms—preferably of a melodramatic character.

The proceedings of Mr. Brooke and his friends were very mysterious to Janie. The Engineer and one or two others were busy for some time inside the last hut in the camp, which was built against the rock on the south side of the basin, and the rest were striking tents and dismantling huts, and making a huge pile, which suggested a bonfire, of them and of their contents, while the Scythian lieutenant and his men, who had hardly yet recovered from their surprise at being captured, looked on stupefied. Then three litters were made from tent-poles and canvas, one for Janie and the others for Mikhail and another of the Scythian sick, who were unable to walk. For the latter bearers were chosen from among the prisoners, while Mr. Meadows the missionary and another of the rescuers carried off Janie at such a pace that she was obliged to plead for mercy, though the rough walking in the nullah soon necessitated a more steady progress. When they had arrived at a spot midway between that at which the Scythian force had turned eastwards that morning, and that at which Janie had discovered Arbuthnot's westward path, Mr. Brooke halted his party and divided it. Three men, besides Janie's bearers, remained with him in attendance upon her, the rest moved on with the prisoners. Upon this the Scythian lieutenant's patience gave way.

* "In no part of the world is the principle of supporting a rising interest and depressing a falling one more prevalent than in India."—Warren Hastings.

"Monsieur," he cried in French, stepping forward and confronting Mr. Brooke, "I demand to know what you intend doing with us."

"That will appear very shortly, monsieur."

"To destroy our camp and leave us without provisions in a country where no food can be obtained is murder, monsieur. I suppose it is useless to protest, since you must be aware that the lives of your whole party are already forfeit twice over, but I can promise favorable consideration for the cases of any of them who will insist on our receiving proper treatment as prisoners of war."

"I do not propose to mete out to you the treatment you and your commander think proper for prisoners, monsieur. If I did, you might have reason to complain. You have been removed from your camp for your own sakes, as you will soon perceive. Your arms have been taken from you for ours, but you will receive two days' rations per man, which will carry you back to Bala, and I can only advise you to start as soon as you can get your men's hands untied."

He bowed, and turned back to Janie, and the prisoners' guards led them on down the nullah.

"I began to be afraid you meant to kill them," confessed Janie: "but I couldn't believe it."

"In cold blood? Hardly," said Mr. Brooke, with all his old deliberation. "When I saw poor Arbuthnot in the Gajnipur Hospital, I felt like taking a rifle and going out to stalk any Scythian I could see, but you will notice that we have managed this affair without shedding a drop of blood. I suppose it doesn't alter our status as civilians taking part in warlike operations, but if we are shot for it, even Meadows will be satisfied that we suffer innocently."

"Then Mr. Arbuthnot really got to Gajnipur?" asked Janie.

"Well, he got far enough to be picked up and brought in by two of our native scouts. He is doing well now, but they can't send him down to Ranjitgarh just yet. Now I think we might go on, as the others are out of sight."

They went on as far as Arbuthnot's path, and Janie was hoisted up the slope with considerable difficulty. Once at the top, they were not long in reaching the cave where she had found Arbuthnot, and here they halted to wait for the rest. Janie had innumerable things to ask Mr. Brooke, but he seemed oddly uneasy, fidgeting in and out of the cave with his watch in his hand, and at last insisting that she should be carried out into the open. It was very hot there, though the afternoon was waning, and though they had arranged a canvas awning for her doolie, but he seemed so much more at his ease that she could not complain. Presently he looked at her quizzically.

"Would you rather be prepared for a shock, or not?" he asked. "Lie down, all of you," to the other men, with a sudden change of tone.

"Oh, I had rather be prepared," she answered quickly.

"Then expect one—in another minute."

"Surely we shan't feel it much here," suggested Mr. Meadows.

"It all depends how much dynamite there was," said Mr. Brooke drily, and Janie understood.

"Cooke Junior has bungled his fuse," muttered one of the men, after two minutes' waiting, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth before the explosion came—not nearly as terrifying in itself as in the way its report echoed among the mountains, producing the effect of a whole series of explosions on every hand. Loose rocks came rolling down, and a thick cloud of dust descended, but thanks to Mr. Brooke's precautions, no one was hurt.

"Puts an end to their train-wrecking for a bit," said Mr. Brooke, getting up and trying to brush the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, but they may have some more dynamite," said Janie.

"No," Mr. Meadows assured her; "they commandeered all there was in Bala, and this was it. They couldn't well bring it over the passes with them, you see."

"I never dreamed it was so close to the camp," said Janie. "How did you find out where it was?"

"Arbuthnot suspected it was there, and that put the Sapper on the track," said Mr. Brooke. "It was pretty clear that this camp was the depot of the train-wrecking parties, so he was allowed to come with us."

"Parties of men came in several times, and reported to the captain, and went away with great loads," said Janie. "I thought it was provisions, but I suppose it was dynamite."

"Both, probably," said Mr. Brooke. "Well, I hope the Chilan Viaduct is safe now. Ah, here come the rest. All well?"

"All right, sir!" responded several voices. "I left a man to see that they didn't track us up here," added the Engineer.

"Good. And there was no party coming down from Bala? That was the one weak point we could not guard against," said Mr. Brooke, turning to Janie. "We could not tell when they might be sending reliefs to the camp, and it would have been serious if they had arrived in the midst of our proceedings. Even if they tracked us now, however, I think we ought to be able to reach the horses safely."

While he spoke, the party was forming in order of march, and it struck Janie at once how completely each man seemed drilled to his duties. Her doolie was now carried by four, who were relieved of their rifles by others,

and the rest of the party shouldered the baggage—infinitesimal in quantity—brought from the cave, where it seemed that they had spent the night. Three alone were left unencumbered, and they went ahead to scout, while three others remained as rearguard, to be joined presently by the man left on the watch at the nullah.

"They are just like soldiers!" said Janie admiringly.

"Oh no, I hope not!" said Mr. Brooke. "To my partial mind, they are infinitely superior, but of course the Sapper would think me irremediably cracked if he heard me say so. They are the nucleus of Brooke's Shikaris, Miss Wright—the Mounted Infantry company that I hope to raise. I have done a good deal of volunteering in my time, but it always seemed to me that results were not worth the trouble and money expended. I said so to various Regulars I knew, and they quite agreed with me, but challenged me to do better with the material. So I worked out a rough scheme, and now I hope to put it to the test of practice. We can't get to business just yet, because the Military Department has so many more important things on hand that it can't spare three minutes to authorize the raising of another company of Volunteers, so we practise a certain amount of drill, and keep our hands in by expeditions like this. Of course the authorities don't approve of us, but I will do them the justice to say that it will only need a dozen of us to be shot or hung as *francs-tireurs* to set them making out the authorization with apologies. You see our object? I am beginning my New Model Volunteers from the top, with a corps of picked men—a sort of Guides, but all Europeans, of course. Every man is a good rider and a crack shot, with an eye for country. We have adopted Meadows as chaplain, because he is qualified in the essential points, in

spite of his ecclesiastical limitations, and Arbuthnot will be scout-master."

"But won't the Intelligence Department want him?"

"If they do, he must go, of course, but he can't do the work again that he has done. He is branded now—" as Janie looked up anxiously. "Even if he recovers completely, he can never get rid of those scars, and they would give him away in any disguise as soon as he was searched. But we'll find him plenty to do—don't be afraid"; for Janie had hidden her face, shuddering. "No man who can shoot need be idle."

"How are things going with us?" she forced herself to ask.

"How far are you up to date? Have you heard of the attempt on the life of the Commander-in-Chief?"

"Yes, Prince George told me he was killed."

"But he was not. They blew up his house, and killed two of the staff and several servants, but he is recovering—so they say. Did you hear that war had begun again in the Far East?"

"They said that they had driven the Xipanguese into the sea, but I didn't believe it."

"Well, not quite. But they have overrun all the territory they had evacuated, and sent the Sinite troops scampering. The Xipanguese were badly surprised just at first, for though they expected treachery, they had counted on the Sinites' being some good. But they concentrated wonderfully steadily round Port Horatio and one or two other points, and now they are preparing to reconquer the country. Of course the Scythians will retreat slowly, trying to draw them further and further inland, just to keep us from taking advantage of the Alliance by getting the help of the Xipanguese Army."

"And do we need it?"

"Well, there's no denying that the Granthistan troops have been badly

knocked about, though we have come off better than we had any right to expect. You see, it saves you a great deal of trouble when you have only to guard one door by which your enemy can possibly get in, but if your enemy shuts the door when you are out, it is awkward."

"Keys keep people in, as well as out," said Janie, quoting the saying which had become proverbial with her and Eleanor.

"Quite so, and as the Payab key was in the hands of the Scythians, our men had to break into their own house some other way. They were hampered by the Shah Bagh non-combatants, but they marched eastwards to Badhl, with the tribes up all round them. Then they struck south, and the Sappers managed to rig up some sort of bridge where the passage is made easier by islands. The crossing was unopposed, except for perpetual sniping from the tribesmen, but when they got to the other side, they were miles from the railway, and knew that the Scythians were holding it. However, it was given out that they were to march towards it, but a strong flying column was made up, as soon as its units got across, to cut through the hills and make a dash for Ali Hassan. The losses were frightful, but they did it—it's one of the finest things one has ever heard of—and they turned out the small Scythian force holding Ali Hassan, which wasn't expecting them, blew up the railway to the north as far as they could go, and entrenched themselves to wait until the rest of the army came up—all that will ever come up, that is."

"Was it so bad?" murmured Janie. Mr. Brooke, walking beside her, nodded gravely.

"What can you expect? The distance was not great, but it was through hilly country, and all the independent tribes up the river to the borders of

Bala-tarin came down like vultures, Forage scarce, no means of supplying the place of the baggage-animals as they dropped, water difficult to get, disease rife, crowds of women and children and helpless camp-followers to guard—the wonder is that so many have got through. If the Scythians had ventured to leave the railway and attack them on the march, it would have been the Khoord-Cabul affair over again."

"Then from Ali Hassan onward they were safe?"

"By no means. As soon as enough men had come up to hold the place, the flying column had to go off again, for there was another chance for the Scythians at Guldán, and they were racing to take it. Happily a messenger had got through from Ali Hassan to Gajnipur, warning the people there to guard the line and keep it open, and the Scythian advanced-guard, which got to Guldán first, was caught between the flying column and a Gajnipur force, and squelched. They are still bringing on the remains of the Granthistan troops from Ali Hassan to Guldán, and forwarding them to Gajnipur, while the Scythians amuse themselves by blowing up the line and attacking derailed trains. We have given up attempting to use the rail above Guldán, and between Guldán and Gajnipur it is now so well patrolled that the train-wreckers have to go to work very circumspectly, but it will relieve a good many minds to know that the Bala dynamite is accounted for."

"Oh, but how the men who have escaped will fight!" cried Janie. Mr. Brooke's face hardened.

"We will hope so—presently," he replied. "Just now, their supreme desire seems to be to get as far from the Scythians as possible."

"What! Englishmen?" cried Janie in horror.

"And natives—it's the same with all of them. We must not judge them too hardly," catching her look of disgust. "They are demoralized at present, but think what they have been through—practically fighting a rear-guard action all the way round from Payab. Think of the horrors they have seen—enough to burn themselves into a man's brain for ever. To the untutored mind it would seem that they wanted a spell of steady routine work and good feeding to restore their health and their self-respect. But they are turned out of their overcrowded trains on the Mall at Gajnipur, and sorted roughly into those that are fit for service and those that aren't. Those that are passed get a fresh equipment and are sent off at once by train—in the rains—to join the force assembling at Agpur. They have lost their officers and their comrades, their nerve—well, I won't say it's gone, but it's worn pretty thin,—you can see in their eyes what they've gone through. But they are 'seasoned soldiers,' so off they go—to court disaster."

"But I thought Englishmen never got like that," wailed Janie.

"The men of the flying column have not, because they had definite aggressive work to do, and did it. But inaction, or a difficult retreat, plays the mischief with British troops. It was so in the Peninsula, you remember, and in the Mutiny—and no longer ago than the last Ethiopian War, which our present authorities ought to recall. But they haven't learnt their lesson, and that is why I imagine that we are not at the end of our troubles yet."

Delivered in Mr. Brooke's deliberate, unimpassioned tones, the sentence had a finality which made Janie shudder. Seeing this, he spoke more cheerfully. "Now I won't answer another question on the subject of our misfortunes, or you will get no sleep. I see we are close to our halting-place now. We

shall rest here for a few hours, until the moon rises, and then go on again and get to the horses before morning, I hope. There is the smallest tent you ever saw, brought for your special benefit, and the advanced-guard are under strict orders to have some soup ready for you."

"Oh, how kind you all are!" cried Janie gratefully. "Why should you take so much trouble about me?"

"Why? because you are a heroine, and we are proud to have rescued you," said Mr. Brooke, raising his voice slightly. An approving murmur greeted him from the rest, and he turned again to Janie. "Arbuthnot told us how you went back to the Scythians to give him a chance of escape, and these fellows here were picked out of four times the number who volunteered as soon as it was known what I had in hand."

"Oh, if you only knew!" murmured Janie, remembering the night when only lack of power, and not of will, withheld her from betraying her country.

"Never mind," said Mr. Brooke. "Very likely you didn't feel like a heroine when you did it, but that only makes it more heroic, you know. Now here we are. Gently with the doolie. A little soup, Miss Wright, and then bed. Only a campaigner's bed, though—the ground and a cloak."

The soup, heated over a spirit-lamp by the advanced-guard, and faintly flavored with methylated, was duly administered, and Janie crawled into the minute tent erected for her. She found reason to believe that the hardships of campaigning were to be considerably mitigated in her case, for each man of the party seemed to have contributed his martial cloak—or something answering to it—in the hope of making her comfortable. In fact, there was very little room for her, but she curled herself up among the super-

abundant wraps, and fell into the most peaceful sleep she had known for many nights. It seemed a very short time before she was roused, but already everything was ready for the march, and as her bearers moved off with her, the tent was struck, and all traces of the halt were gone. It was very cold in the moonlight, and she was glad to find one of the coats which had formed her bed thrown over her.

"Better have your sleep out," said Mr. Brooke's voice. "I wish we could have let you alone till morning, but I am nervous till we reach the horses."

"Oh, but I am not sleepy now," said Janie eagerly, contemplating with some alarm a substantial sandwich pressed upon her with apologies by the cook of the party, who had discovered the extraneous flavor of the soup. "There are so many things I have thought of that I want to ask you, if you don't mind," she added, nibbling daintily at the sandwich for the sake of the cook's feelings.

"The continued history of our misfortunes—a sort of 'Thousand and One Nights'?" asked Mr. Brooke. "If I am to act Shahrzadeh, I fear the Emperor of Scythia is the only monarch who would be likely to spare my life for the sake of what I had to tell. What else do you want to know?"

"Well, then, why are they assembling troops at Agpur?" asked Janie in a strenuous attempt to discover a gleam of brightness somewhere in the prospect.

"To meet the Scythians advancing from Iskandarbagh. When it was found that they had cut our communications with Shalkot, by blowing up both lines of rail, it was thought that they would certainly make a dash for Sahar, so as to dislocate the railway system, and the Second Army is waiting for them there. But they have not turned up, and a column which was sent up from Allbad to make a

reconnaissance in force reports only a small number of Scythians with native allies, who retreat as soon as we get into touch with them, so there is a little nervousness as to where the main body may appear. Of course the idea is to catch them between the Second Army and these patched and cobbled Granthistan troops."

"But isn't that a good plan?"

Mr. Brooke shook his head slowly. "Don't ask me. I have a foolish prejudice against letting the enemy make the first moves, and then arranging ours to meet him. But if I suggest that it was always understood we were to take the offensive in a case like this, and face the enemy before he could even reach our borders, I am reminded that the British Government, holding 'aggression' in holy horror, and preferring that its own subjects should suffer rather than other people's, has sentenced us to fight him in the plains. And the result is that we are horribly afraid of his making for Ranjitgarh, and that hampers our movements. But it seems to me that when Gajnipur is evacuated, there will only be Bihet between him and Ranjitgarh."

"Gajnipur to be evacuated?" cried Janie.

"So it is understood. The idea is that its only use is to guard the roads to Shah Bagh and Bala, which are both lost—for the present, at any rate."

"But are they to stay lost?"

"That's exactly what we are all asking. Gajnipur is a base of supplies—practically a fortress. One would expect it to be strengthened in every possible way as the advanced post from which the lost territories were to be reconquered, but it's quite clear there's no thought of that. Of course, if Agpur fell, Gajnipur might be isolated, but one might almost as well anticipate the fall of Calcutta. There is something very queer going on, which nobody can quite make out, and the au-

thorities seem to be paralyzed. Some people say that the Commander-in-Chief has lost his nerve, or his brain-power, or his courage, since he was blown up, but others say that the Government is acting under strict orders from home. We poor wretches who are outside both political and military circles don't know what to believe, but we don't like the look of things at all."

"But Bihet is not nearly as strong as Gajnipur, surely?" asked Janie, recalling hasty glimpses of a great railway bridge and a straggling town traversed on journeys.

"It is not fortified at all. But it must be held, because it covers Nizamabad and the railways to Ranjitgarh and Agpur. So they are throwing up entrenchments to protect the bridge, and I suppose we shall hold on to Gajnipur long enough for them to make it safe."

"But I can't make it out!" cried Janie hopelessly. "Why is it that all these dreadful things are happening? The Scythians can't have as many men as we have, and yet they seem to beat us everywhere on our own ground."

"A certain young lady," said Mr. Brooke reflectively, "told me once that she could always get on splendidly at chess if it wasn't for her opponent." Janie felt the poles of her doolie shake, but she could not be sure that the two men in front were smiling. "In the same way, we should get on much better if the enemy hadn't such a habit of doing what we don't expect. He won't fight on the ground we have chosen, but gets round behind and takes us at a disadvantage, and he adds to his numbers by raising the tribes against us, which we think is not cricket, though we employ them in our own ranks—when they don't desert and join their friends. He performs impossibilities, too—what we had agreed to be impossibilities, I mean. It is a

way that enemies have, or I suppose all wars would end in a deadlock—the impact of an irresistible force on an immovable mass. It was impossible for an invading force to arrive by way of Bala, impossible to overcome the opposition of the Ethiopians, impossible for an army either to reach Iskandarbagh without a railway from Rahat, or to construct one—impossible, in short, for India to be invaded at all by any of the three routes which the Scythians have actually adopted. Well, how are you to cope with a situation like that?”

“What do they say at home?” murmured Janie.

“The spirit of the Government and the country is all that can be desired,” answered Mr. Brooke gravely. “The Prime Minister made a fighting speech in introducing an emergency vote of twenty millions or so, which has united all parties in a glow of patriotic fervor. I understand that any ill-advised person who ventures to refer in public to ‘keeping the cordite down’ is promptly kicked out of any society he happens to be in. It is proclaimed on all hands that England will expend her last man and her last shilling before loosing her hold on India. Of course it is a little unfortunate that you can’t improvise armies the morning after your great speech, and get them embarked by the next evening, but the intentions of all concerned are excellent. The promised reinforcements have not materialized as yet, but we are assured they are going to be sent, all in good time—when they have had their six months’ training, no doubt—and meanwhile our spirits are kept up by cabled reports of the stirring letters communicated to the ‘Daily Notice’ by its special correspondent out here—who do you think?”

“Not Mr. Cholmeley-Smith?” hesitated Janie, remembering the Philo-

sophic Radical’s exploit in providing news for the “Pathfinder.”

“The same. You can hardly imagine what a power he has become. When he started off to Ranjitgarh at the earliest possible moment after we got to Gajulpur, we were unjust enough to think he was scuttling off home, but he turned up again by a supply train, in the full glory of a correspondent. Through his political connections he has some pull over the great Harperston, and they play into each other’s hands. Cholmeley-Smith gets special facilities which drive the other correspondents wild, and in return he writes up Harperston as a general rather superior, on the whole, to Napoleon. Perhaps it’s as well that there should be one soldier for whom he has a good word, for in everything else he follows the new rule of military criticism—never ask a soldier’s opinion when there’s a civilian who can be induced to give his.”

“I suppose he comes to you pretty often?” asked Janie innocently.

“Have I deserved that, Miss Wright?” with slow dismay. “I thought you were going to ask me why he believed in Harperston, and I was prepared to remind you that all Indian Army men will tell you Harperston is no soldier, nothing but a nice old woman for coddling the Tommies. No, Cholmeley-Smith does not come to me much for opinions. I am tainted with militarism, you see, because of my unsuccessful efforts at volunteering. And now, don’t you think you had better try to sleep a little?”

“There were a great many more things I wanted to know,” murmured Janie vaguely, but this time she was ready to adopt his suggestion, and speedily dreamed that she was sailing in a small boat on a choppy sea.

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE FORTIES.—IV.

BY DAVID MASSON.

Very memorable to me now is that quiet old Chelsea street and its neighbourhood, as I began thus to be familiar with them, more than forty years ago.¹ The Thames Embankment, which has so greatly improved the whole vicinity, had not then been thought of. Cheyne Walk was a quaint riverside street of shops and antique houses, looking down upon the unembanked shore,—pleasant enough to the sight when the stream was full, but not so pleasant when the low tide left its margin of mud and ooze. One way of getting to Cheyne Row from the City or the Strand region was by one of the river steamboats. Having sailed up the river, you got out at a pier at the Chelsea riverside below Battersea Bridge; and a few paces along Cheyne Walk, with its shops and antique houses, brought you to the quieter Cheyne Row, at right angles to it; and there, about the middle of the Row, on your right hand, you found No. 5. Another way, however, was what may be called the inland route. There was in those days no Metropolitan or underground railway; but there were Chelsea omnibuses from the City, which took you along Piccadilly, down Sloane Street, and so into Chelsea by the long King's Road. This was my usual way, except that, so long as I lodged in Down Street, I generally preferred walking. The bustling King's Road, I remember, seemed interminable; for not till near the very end of it was that narrow outlet, so obscure that it might easily be missed, rejoicing in the name of Cook's Ground.² Here you were among small cottages standing in plots of garden, with decayed wooden palings about them; and it was by a deep zigzag

through this medium that you emerged at the top of Cheyne Row, and found Carlyle's house—a neat, oldish house of red-brick, about the middle of the Row, on your left hand as you went towards the river.

Carlyle was in his forty-ninth year when I first knew him. His usual working hours then were over for the day between two and three o'clock; and he was not disinclined to see friends that might call then, for a few minutes' talk with him, just before he set out for his afternoon walk. A preferable time, however, was the evening. If you dropped in about, or a little after, seven o'clock, you found Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle at tea in the drawing-room, and were welcome to a cup yourself, with a slice of bread and butter or biscuit,—jam generally on the table besides. If you were later, you missed the tea, but had talk as long as you chose to stay, and might see Carlyle fill his pipe and smoke it once or twice in the course of an evening, and even, if you were in his good graces and capable of communion with him in that particular, be invited to join him. His pipes, then and always, were long clays, of Glasgow make, with green-glazed tips for the mouth; his tobacco, if the same then as it was afterwards, was of a strong and rather harsh kind, which he called Free-smoking York River. The pipe he was using—and I think he took a new pipe every day, or perhaps oftener, from the stock he kept somewhere in a box—usually stood in the corner of the fireplace, within the fender, ready for his further service; and a half-pound tin canister of his tobacco, replenished from his larger supply which also was out of sight somewhere, stood usually on the mantelpiece, but sometimes on the table. He

¹ Written about 1885.—F. M.

² Since abolished.

was very methodical and practical in all such matters, disliking untidiness of any sort, and carrying his love of order even into his smoking arrangements. Indeed, if there were more than one guest present, or if the guest were a stranger, he would go out for his smoke into the back-garden, and return when it was over; and in summer evenings the back-garden was the established smoking-place, and he would take his guest or guests thither with him, providing them with seats, or walking with them up and down the grass-plot. I forget whether, when the smoking was within-doors, he had at this time the habit—which he certainly acquired afterwards—of reclining on the hearth-rug while he smoked, so that the puffs should ascend the chimney rather than come into the room. But Mrs. Carlyle, while as orderly as himself, and keeping everything tidy there, was tolerant to the utmost of whatever might be his whim in this matter; and it was pretty to see him sometimes, when he was in a pleased humor and there was no one there to cause ceremony, present the pipe gallantly to her own lips, for the honor of a consecrating whiff. This he called "tendering her the calumet of peace." I must have seen him do it more than once within the first few months of our acquaintance, for my footing at Cheyne Row had gradually become such as to justify pretty frequent visits of an evening,—perhaps about once in three weeks on an average,—and I was always received with a continuation of the original kindness. Only on one occasion, in those early months of our acquaintance, do I remember a gruffish reception from Carlyle; and that was when one or two friends of mine, who were on a visit to London and had separate introductions to him, formed a party for a joint call upon him in the afternoon, and persuaded me to go with them. Mrs. Carlyle was away; he was in a bad

humor; one of the party introduced a topic not to his taste, and was rather combative in asserting his own views of it; and I could see that Carlyle wished all of us at Jericho. Nothing of the sort ever happened in my evening visits; and, as I generally found Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle then by themselves, my now far-back London memories of the year 1844 include some of my pleasantest reminiscences of the demeanor of this famous couple to each other in their domestic privacy. It was uniformly exemplary and loving in all essential respects, with a kind of stately gallantry on Carlyle's part when he turned to his Jane, or she interposed one of her remarks, and, on her part, the most admiring affection for him in all that he said or did. If there was ever a sign of ruffle it was superficial merely, and arose from an occasional lapse of his into a mood of playful teasing and persistence in rhetorical mastery even against *her*. But such little teasings of his wife in the presence of others must have been very rare, for I can remember only one or two, belonging to the earliest period of my acquaintance with them. Far more frequent, indeed, were her little witticisms at his expense. She was fond of entertaining her friends with sprightly stories of any recent misbehaviors of his; and on such occasions he would listen most benignantly and approvingly, with the pleased look of a lion whose own lioness was having her turn in the performance.

It was not long after my first meeting with Carlyle when I experienced his readiness to do me any friendly act in his power. Every time I saw him he would ask me whether I was writing anything; and, the question having been repeated at one particular call,—this, I remember, was in the afternoon—with the result that I informed him I had a small paper on hand which I thought might do for a magazine, he

immediately suggested "Fraser's Magazine" as a likely place, and volunteered an introduction to Mr. Nickison, then proprietor of the Magazine and substantially its editor. Then and there he wrote the note of introduction, handing it to me to read before he sealed it. As he had never, so far as I was aware, seen a scrap of my writing, the kindly emphasis of its wording in my favor really surprised me. The purport was not so much that here was a young man whom Mr. Nickison might possibly be able to oblige, as that here was a young man whom Mr. Nickison would find it to his advantage to have among his contributors. The recommendation was at once effective. Having called on Mr. Nickison at his shop in Regent Street, I had no sooner delivered the note to him than he was graciousness itself, and asked me to leave the paper for consideration. In a few days I had a proof; and within about six weeks the little thing appeared in the pages of "Fraser,"—Nickison's cheque for it, which came duly on publication, being the first London money I remember to have earned, unless it was a cheque which came about the same time from old Mr. Charles Dilke for a small contribution to the "Athenæum." From that day "Fraser" was open for anything I chose to send; and two subsequent articles of mine appeared there before the end of that year.³ That Carlyle had read the initial article for which he had so generously smoothed the way I had no subsequent intimation whatever, except that he and Mrs. Carlyle would occasionally jest with me on the title I had given it, which title, in fact, as I now find from "Mrs. Carlyle's Letters," had struck his or her fancy so quaintly that it became one of the phrases of the "côterie speech" which they used with each other.⁴ But,

though I had no direct intimation in this case whether he thought I had deserved his recommendation, I had abundant proof of his continued interest in my small literary doings. He never ceased to inquire most exactly, when I was at Cheyne Row, what I was about and how I was getting on; and I shall never forget one casual meeting with him in the streets,—it was in Piccadilly, just at the foot of Down Street,—when, having stopped me for a minute and received my reply to his usually kindly questions, he added, "Well, well! courage always, and hope always!" and then strode on. It seems but as yesterday that I heard the words, and turned to look after his strong figure as he disappeared swiftly among the other pavement-passengers, in the direction of Apsley House.

One saw him best, as I have said, at his own house in the evenings. Though he was then in the throes of his "Cromwell,"—which had not yet taken its ultimate shape as the collected and elucidated "Letters and Speeches," but hung vaguely before him as possibly a regular Biography, or possibly a regular History, for the materials of which, as he tells us, he was "reading hundred-weights of dreary books and searching in dusty manuscripts,"—I do not remember any evening when I found the least sign of flurry or fatigue of engrossing work in his domestic surroundings or demeanor. He seemed always to have transacted his sufficient quantum of pen-labor, whatever it was, during the day; there was never any litter of books or papers, or other evidence of pressing toil, in the room where we sat—which might be either the dining-room or the upstairs drawing-room; and, though he might be reading some volume when you entered, it was at once laid aside, and he was ready for tea and talk with you,

³ One of these was "The Three Devils" (Luther's, Milton's, and Goethe's), in December 1844.—F. M.

⁴ "Emotional Culture," "Fraser's Maga-

sine," May 1844. Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon" was running in "Fraser's" at the time.—F. M.

or for talk alone, or talk and a smoke, if you had come later.

To an evening with Carlyle there was almost invariably, in my own case, one appendage. When I rose to go, about ten or half-past ten o'clock, he would say, "Wait till I put on my shoes, and I'll walk a bit with you." The shoes on, and the dressing-gown in which he usually sat exchanged for a coat, with the addition of an overcoat if the weather required it, but never of an umbrella, and never of a hat of the ordinary shape, or anything else but a soft and wide felt, we would take leave of Mrs. Carlyle and sally forth. The direction being determined by my convenience, our route was almost uniformly by Cook's Ground to King's Road, and then either along the lighted and still lively King's Road to Sloane Street, or, for greater quiet, through a diagonal zigzag of streets and squares, bringing us out at the upper or Hyde Park end of Sloane Street. All the way through the lamp-lit streets he would continue the talk. As he had no bashfulness in letting his voice be heard by casual passers-by; and as he was often led, in one of his objurgations, not only to raise his voice, but also to apostrophize the absent object of his wrath as if he were present, the result was sometimes a little awkward. "I tell you what, sir, if I had my will I'd lay a whip across the back of you!" was one such apostrophe of his, spoken in a loud voice, and with some angry gesticulation, as I was once walking by his side, the object really addressed being some absent evil-doer, or some personification of evil-doing he had been conjuring up, but the effect being such that the passers-by, knowing nothing of the context, naturally looked round at *me*. This was in broad daylight, close to the South Kensington Museum, and at a much later period than that of the nightly walks of which I am speak-

ing; but I have a recollection of a similar mischance or two, even in them, from his disregard of by-passers and his reckless habit of apostrophe. In some of these walks he was at his very best. The loudest and longest laugh I ever heard from him was one evening near the middle of Sloane Street. The echoes rang again, and we had to stop by a lamp-post till the frenzy had spent itself. What with those nightly walks of 1844, and the frequency with which in subsequent years we took the same route, there is no portion of London with which I have stronger or more familiar Carlyle associations to this day than the dense oblong of streets and squares between Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and Hyde Park Corner. This was his usual terminus. There we would part, and he would turn and make his way back to Cheyne Row as the whim might direct him. He was always a great walker, and in those days rather a fast one; and whatever amount of walking he might have had during the day, he seldom omitted this late constitutional through the lamp-lit streets, whether in company or by himself.

It was some time before my acquaintance with Carlyle began that his brother, Dr. John Carlyle, had given up his travelling physicianships and his Italian medical practice, and had returned to this country for good, with a competence sufficient for an elderly bachelor of simple tastes and ways, whether he should settle permanently in London, near his brother, as he thought of doing, or should divide the rest of his life, as actually turned out, between London and Scotland. Through a part of 1844 Dr. John was certainly in London, with rooms on the ground-floor of one of a pleasant row of receding houses in Brompton, on the left side of the main Brompton thoroughfare, just before it bends into the Fulham Road. Here I became ac-

quainted with him after I had known his brother for some little while. In personal appearance the two differed much,—Dr. John not nearly so tall as Carlyle, but rather of stout and shortish figure, with a head much larger in appearance than Carlyle's, though I am not sure it was so in fact, a large, round face of fair complexion, and hair quite gray already, though he was five years the junior of his lean and dark-haired brother. He had none of Carlyle's fire of genius, none of Carlyle's electric perturbability of nerve and temper, and not a tithe, I should say, despite all the advantages of his travel and foreign experience, of Carlyle's insight into men and shrewd and various knowledge of the complex world. On the contrary, he was a most simple-minded person, unsophisticated in all things, and imperturbably good-humored. His natural talents, however, were considerable; he had strong literary tastes, and was an accomplished French, German, and Italian scholar; and, in addition to the sterling moral integrity of all the Carlyle breed, he had his full share of their habit of painstaking intellectual accuracy. There was also a something generically Carlyllan, whether by family inheritance or by infection from his brother, in his voice and mode of expression; so that sometimes, if you shut your eyes while he was talking, you could fancy it might be Carlyle himself in a particularly restful moment. Once, as I was walking through Hyde Park with him, and he was recommending German books to me, his recommendation of Schiller in especial took this form: "You should read Schiller: you will find him a very compact sort of writer." Certainly not the phrase that most people would have chosen for the occasion, but so like what might have come from his brother that I had some difficulty in concealing my amused sense of that fact. His affection for

his great brother was boundless, and was all the more touching because it was evidently mixed, in his brother's presence, with something of awe. He would often talk of his brother when you were alone with him,—could hardly refrain from talking of him, and liked no topic better. Finding that "*Sartor Resartus*" was the only one of his brother's then published books which I had not yet read, he insisted on the importance of that deficiency, and lent me his own copy. He also told me a good deal that was interesting about his relations to his brother in their earlier life. One of his recollections was of his first learning German under his brother's tuition. It was while they were in Annandale together, either in their father's house or in Carlyle's own farmhouse at Hoddam; and the custom was for John to come in the mornings to his brother as he was delving in the garden and there repeat his grammar-lesson. "He gave me not a word of praise when I did well," said John, with a humorous recollection of the style of the lessons, "but was awful in the severity of his language when my performance was not satisfactory." But, though it was the elder brother that had thus initiated the younger in German, their relations to each other in German matters were changed somewhat afterwards by John's actual residence in Germany at a time when Thomas knew nothing of that country or its society except by reading and imagination. John had then been in the habit of sending his brother long letters descriptive of German life and manners,—beer gardens, professors, "æsthetic teas," and other such things; and these, he assured me, had furnished his brother with suggestions for the groundwork and local coloring of his "*Sartor Resartus*." Altogether, the good Dr. John Carlyle, though overshadowed by his brother, and more indolent therefore than he

might have been, was one of the most likeable of men on his own account. Whether he had then begun his prose translation of Dante's "*Inferno*," not published till 1849, I cannot now remember; but probably he had.

Naturally, Dr. John Carlyle was one of the most frequent figures to be seen in Cheyne Row when one called there. He was probably there daily, spending a brotherly hour or two with Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle; but he would drop in occasionally at tea, or after tea, like the rest of us. These conversational teas and after-teas, I repeat, were the one regular form of hospitality in the Carlyle household. Anything like a dinner-party, so far as to the time with which we are now concerned, must have been very rare and extraordinary. One little dinner-party, however, I do remember, as the first to which the Carlyles invited me, and it must have been, I think, in 1844. On the afternoon appointed I took a Chelsea omnibus standing almost empty at Hatchett's, in Piccadilly, and seated myself in one of the corners by the door, waiting till the omnibus should fill. An important-looking man, of burly build and dictatorial air, stepped in shortly after me, and seated himself in the other corner. He would have attracted my attention by his mere look; but, as the omnibus was slow in filling, and it came to frequent stoppages in the hope of picking up more passengers after it had started, I had additional cause for observing the stranger curiously, from the singular vehemence of the rhetoric with which he addressed the conductor, again and again, in rebuke of his dilatoriness and general depravity. When at length we approached the end of King's Road, and I tapped the conductor to let me out at Cook's Ground, I perceived the burly gentleman stir to get out too; but, as I was rather late, I quickened my pace, making for Carlyle's door. There were

footsteps after me, quickened in sympathy; and, when I stood on Carlyle's doorsteps, the burly gentleman was beside me there, rather panting from his haste, before the door was opened. When we went in, I found that he was no other than John Forster, and that he was to be my fellow-guest. Besides Forster and myself, and Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, there were only George Little Craik and one other,—this last being either Dr. John Carlyle or some one whom I have forgotten. It was a pleasant little dinner, indeed, simple in style, but everything most excellent in its kind,—the saddle of mutton perfect and perfectly cooked, and the sherry of beautiful quality, with an option of some particularly fine Cambridge ale from a small stock which some admirer had sent to Carlyle as a present. Carlyle carved the saddle of mutton with great neatness and expertness, as I can remember more distinctly because of one slight mishap in the process. Craik having sent his plate for a second supply, a slice had been duly cut, and was on the point of Carlyle's carving-fork, when—something having happened to make him talk meanwhile—he left Craik's plate vacant in the air, in the maid's hand, and deposited the slice absently, and as it were with furtive selfishness, on his own. "Bless me; what am I about?" he said, as our laugh and Craik's disappointed face roused him to his mistake; and, when Forster had rallied him with some such blank verse quotation or invention as—

Too bad, Carlyle! Do you not see
that Craik
Awaits his evening mutton?—

he resumed his carving, merrily capping the rigmarole with something like this apology:—

Too bad it is; and Craik shall have his
mutton.

Strange that, while my memory retains this triviality of the evening so distinctly, almost all the rest should have gone into haze. Carlyle, I am sure, was not in his oburgatory vein at all that evening, but in his most genial vein of anecdote and miscellaneous talk. One of the things talked of was a recent murder, or suspected murder, by a poor Irish tramp; and I remember that Carlyle and Forster agreed in a kind of notion that one could hardly judge how easily a poor illiterate fellow might resort to murder merely to get out of a scrape. Forster had quite as much of the talk as Carlyle; and, though I had casual glimpses of Forster at intervals in subsequent years, and even some correspondence with him before his death, my strongest impression of him personally, save one, is from this first meeting with him. He must then have been only about thirty-two years of age.

George Little Craik, one of my earliest acquaintances in London, became a good friend of mine. When I first saw him, I looked at him with an interest that had been pre-awakened by reading his book, "*The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*."⁵ His prematurely gray hair gave him then something already the appearance of a veteran. He was a man of robust build, and broad and good-humored face, with a sanguine freshness of complexion and a general heartiness of demeanor. If there had been any difficulties in his own pursuit of knowledge, they had left no traces of discontent. Indeed, all the time I knew Craik a cheerful contentedness of disposition was his obvious characteristic. Craik and his family lived in a pretty cottage called "Vine Cottage," in Cromwell Lane, Old Brompton. In vain

now will any one look for that old Cromwell Lane. Even to imagine its whereabouts now, as I can remember it, is difficult. There it was once, however, a narrow, tortuous lane, lined with rusty-nailed palings, on the left hand as you went from Brompton, shutting off a succession of nursery-grounds, and at intervals on the right some quaint cottages, each nestled in its own bit of garden. Craik's cottage was one of these, the approach to it something of a venture at night, from the deficiency of lights and the general sense of loneliness. But in the daytime, and especially in summer, the cottage, with its garden about it, had a look of sequestered leafiness and of cosy English domesticity. On the small grass-plot which formed the chief part of the garden was such a plum-tree, laden with fruit every sunny autumn season, that you needed not to pluck any from the branches for eating, but might select from those that had fallen off from over-ripeness, and lay strewn for you temptingly round the root. There was no lack of visitors, Scottish or English, in Craik's pleasant home. Carlyle might be accounted a neighbor, and so with Leigh Hunt, an older Londoner than either, and living in Kensington; and they were both often there for a walk with Craik on late afternoons, or at those evenings of tea and talk at Vine Cottage. Very pleasant evenings these were—some of them even memorable. It chanced that I never met Carlyle under Craik's roof, and only once Leigh Hunt. This was on an evening when he had casually dropped in, and others were present. He did not take much part in the talk that went on, and my recollection is chiefly of his soft and genial manner, and the fine look of his white head. It was a head of goodish size, but not of such size as to diminish the wonder of the fact, recorded by himself somewhere, that his hat, when placed on

⁵ Published in 1831. The name had been chosen by Lord Brougham, then President of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.—F. M.

the heads of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, eclipsed them completely by slipping down over their eyebrows.

One day Carlyle, whose visits to the British Museum for material for his "*Cromwell*" were becoming intolerably irksome to him, asked me if I knew of any one who, for a moderate weekly remuneration, would relieve him of that trouble by making researches and copying extracts in the Museum under his instructions. At the moment I could think of no one likely to suit him; but, after I had left, it occurred to me that this would be the very thing for John Christie. He had been one of my class-fellows in the Grammar-School of Aberdeen; a strong-headed fellow, rather older than most of us, rough in manner, sulky, and uncomely of face. He had followed me to Marischal College, attending the general classes there, but in training more especially for the medical profession. From that time I had lost sight of him till we met again in London; but the course of his life in the interim had become well known to me. Having taken his medical degree in Aberdeen with good credit, and having saved a little money, he had come to London, a fully-qualified medical man, intending to go out as a ship's surgeon for a few years of voyaging experience before settling in practice. Accident had changed his plans. He had met and won the affections of, and married, one of the most beautiful girls that man ever set eyes upon,—country-bred, gentle and winning in manner, as she was faultlessly beautiful. Christie stayed in London. With the small stock of money he had he entered into partnership with an apothecary in a poor London neighborhood, the intention being that his colleague would attend to the drug-dispensing part of the business, while Christie undertook such medical and surgical practice as might

gather round the connection. It was a feasible enough project; for I doubt if any of the poorer quarters of London could have commanded the services of a really abler or more thoroughly qualified practitioner than Christie would have proved himself to be. But there was a sudden collapse in the arrangement, I know not what, with the result that Christie and his beautiful wife, with their infant boy,—all his money lost,—were living in apartments off Oxford Street. He labored at anatomical drawings for artists and coached artists in anatomy. He was ready—the rough, strong-headed fellow—for anything by which he could earn an honest living. Such was the state of his affairs, intimately known to me, when Carlyle made the inquiry I have mentioned. A note from me to Carlyle, followed by an interview between Carlyle and Christie, settled the matter; and from that day till the conclusion of the "*Cromwell*" for the press Christie acted as Carlyle's *factotum* in the British Museum, his deputy for researchings and copyings, and his personal amanuensis. Carlyle afterwards assured me that he could not have had an abler assistant for such work, or a more trustworthy. Both he and Mrs. Carlyle contracted a real regard for Christie, and were very kind to him. But the "*Cromwell*" having been finished, the question had come to be what Christie was to do next. If ever one human being labored on behalf of another in distress, it was Carlyle on behalf of poor Christie, through the months of 1845 and 1846. At last, by Sir James Clark's influence, if I remember rightly, there was definitely obtained for him a clerkship in the Registrar-General's office in Somerset House, with a salary of about £90 a-year; but it had come too late. His beautiful young wife had died of consumption. He had sent the child into the country to his dead wife's re-

lations, and all that the clerkship could do now was to save the broken-hearted fellow himself from starvation and enable him to pay for the board of his child. He was very wretched, all his thoughts constantly on his dead wife and his little boy in the country. He talked, however, gratefully of the kindness of the Carlyles. His reverence for Carlyle was touching; he had kept the bound set of proof-sheets of the "Cromwell," with some marginal corrections on them, in affectionate evidence of his connection with Carlyle in that labor. A few months more and Christie and all his sorrows were out of my sight. The seeds of consumption, caught during his attendance on his wife, appeared in himself. He went back to his native Aberdeen to try the effect of that change, and there he died. The last incident of this London tragedy in my recollection is a visit which Alexander Bain and I paid to poor Christie's vacant rooms after his death for the purpose of making such arrangements as were possible, by inventory and sale of his worldly goods, for the benefit of his little boy. If that son is now living he must be over forty years of age,⁶ and can remember nothing of his father and mother.

Of all the walks that Carlyle and I took together in the old London nights that now lie behind me like a distant-stretching dream, there are two which I recall with peculiar associations of sacredness. One summer night about eleven o'clock we had passed our usual parting-point at Hyde Park Corner and had strolled into the Park itself, lured by the beauty of a specially soft and star-brilliant sky overhead. The softness and stillness around and the starry brilliance above had touched his soul to its finest and gentlest depths. All roughness, all querulousness, were gone; he was in a mood of the simplest

and most sage-like serenity. As we sauntered to and fro on the grass, the sole human beings peripatetic, where but a few hours before there had been the roar of the carriages in stream and the parallel gallop of the equestrians, it was the stars and the silence that seemed to work upon him and to suggest his theme. From the mystery and the splendor of physical infinitude he passed to what ought to be the rule of human behavior, the conduct of one's own spirit, in a world framed so majestically and so divinely. There was too much jesting in it, he said, too much of mere irony and laughter at the absurd, too little of calm religiousness and serious walk with God. In speaking of the over-prevalence of the habit of irony, sarcasm, and jesting, he used a sudden phrase of self-humiliation which I have never forgotten. "Ah! and I have given far too much in to that myself—*sniggering at things*": these are the exact words. Though they are the only exact words I can now recall out of that quarter of an hour of his varied talk, all in the same vein of deeply-moved meditation, it is the solemn charm of the whole of the little colloquy that remains in my memory. If ever one man spoke to another absolutely spirit to spirit, it was Carlyle to me in that quarter of an hour of our walk to and fro in that star-silvered and free-skirted solitude in the middle of London.

As memorable to me, though for a different reason, is another evening walk with him, which must have been nearly contemporary. This time, by some chance, we had not taken the usual route from Cheyne Row in the direction of Hyde Park, but had turned down Cheyne Row to the Chelsea riverside. We had not gone far from his house, and were on a narrowish part of the foot pavement, in front of some small lighted shops, when, without anything preliminary that I can now re-

⁶ Written about 1885.

member, he said, as if carelessly: "By the bye, I have a lot of money lying by me at present—far more than I have any need for: some of it might be more useful in your hands than in mine." Taken aback by the generosity of the offer, and by the suddenness of it, I could only express my thanks in a lame and stammering way, assuring him at the same time that I really did not need to avail myself of it, having quite enough of my own at that time for all necessary purposes. "Much better so; much better so," he replied, almost interruptingly; and, when I tried again to express to him how deeply his kindness touched me, he would not hear

Blackwood's Magazine.

a word, but stopped me gruffly by at once changing the subject. From that moment, the incident was never so much as mentioned between us again. I daresay he had totally forgotten it in the later days of our intercourse, but it was not for me to forget it, and I never shall. Only to one or two persons have I ever confided it; but let it stand now in print as one of *my* registered experiences of the character of the stern-seeming man whom I walked with so often in those old London days of his full stature and strength, and who now rests in his grave at Ecclefechan.

AN "IMPERIAL CONFERENCE" OF THE CHURCH AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

There have been some dispassionate observers, not in Great Britain only but upon the Continent of Europe, who have felt the Church of England to be in a special sense the hope of Christianity and of religion. They have looked perhaps upon Christendom from the intellectual side; they have been firm believers in the rights of the individual conscience; liberty of thought, of speech and of worship has been to them a sovereign principle of life; they have been well-disposed and sometimes devoted to religion, yet only to such a religion as was in their eyes not a hot-house plant but a tree strong enough to brave the stress and storm of a critical world; and while they have found themselves more or less repelled by the hard, dogmatic, authoritative system of the Church of Rome, and driven to doubt whether a church, if she had misled them, as they believed, in many earthly things, where it was possible to test her teaching by experience, could be an infallible guide in the heavenly things which admit of no such testing, they have turned wistful

eyes to the Church of England as uniting in a singular degree freedom and faith, intellectuality and spirituality among her members, and as helping to produce, in the words of the venerable Archbishop of Armagh, the welcome spectacle of a faith which was not afraid to reason and a science which was not ashamed to believe. Or they have taken perhaps what may be called the historical view of Christendom; they have set a high value upon tradition as the exponent of unbroken Catholic practice; it is the antiquity and the continuity of the Church which have appealed to their sympathies; they have resented the idea of a Church beginning or seeming to begin with the reformers of the sixteenth century and still more with a Robert Browne or a John Wesley; and it has appeared to them that the Church of England by her apostolic orders, her regular sacraments and her whole ecclesiastical system is capable of offering them the spiritual atmosphere which it was not so easy to breathe in the Presbyterian bodies of Ireland and Scotland and of

Protestant Europe. Or it may be again that such persons, if they have imbibed something of the spirit commonly, but not upon the whole correctly, associated with the name of Erastus, have been attracted by the Church of England as availing "the falsehood of extremes," or realizing the *via media* which was in their eyes the path not of safety alone but of truth, or allowing a great and wide liberty of profession and practice to her clergy and still more to her laity, or as influencing the course of public affairs not so much by any exercise of authority as by the wise statesmanship of her bishops and the quiet unobtrusive sympathy of her ministers with the highest and noblest aspirations of the national life.

It may be worth while in this regard to quote two or three significant testimonies.

Casaubon remarked long ago that, if he was not mistaken, the soundest part of the Reformation was to be found in England, where the study of antiquity flourished together with zeal for the truth. Madame de Stael wrote, "*La Réformation a mis chez les Anglois les lumières parfaitement en accord avec les sentimens religieux.*"¹ De Maistre wrote:

Si jamais les Chrétiens se rapprochent, comme tout les y invite, il semble que la *motion* doit partir de l'Eglise de l'Angleterre. . . . L'Eglise anglicane, qui nous touche d'une main, touche de l'autre ceux que nous ne pouvons toucher, et quoique, sous un certain point de vue, elle soit en butte aux coups des deux partis . . . cependant elle est très précieuse sous d'autres aspects, et peut être considérée comme un de ces intermédiaires chymiques, capables de rapprocher des élémens inassociables de leur nature.²

So too the late Mr. Lecky could say,

¹ "*Considérations sur la Révolution Française*," Part VII, ch. v.

² "*Considérations sur la France*," ch. II, p. 33.

"there is no other Church which has shown itself so capable of attracting and retaining the services of men of general learning, criticism, and ability."³

The Church of England, if it were her only title to the respect of Christendom that she has succeeded in harmonizing to a unique degree the rival tendencies of faith and thought, history and liberty, practical common sense and spiritual devotion, would occupy a position of singular interest in the Christian world. But the providential course of secular events has affected and augmented her dignity. She is, as her name implies, the Church of the English nation. If she has exercised an influence upon the characteristics of the national life, she has in turn been influenced by them. Such reciprocal influence has been the outcome of a tacit sympathy between the Church and the nation. The Church has been or has aspired to be in faith and morals ahead of the nation; but she has seldom been out of touch with the nation. For good or for evil she has not unfaithfully reflected in her long history the dominant tones of national sentiment and conviction. Of this mutual understanding between the civil and ecclesiastical forces the State Establishment, as it is called, is the natural expression, but it is not the necessary condition. What has been essential to the peculiar influence of the Church of England upon the national life is that she has stood and has been felt to stand in a sympathetic relation to the English people. In the Abbey Church of Westminster, Roman Catholics still kneel at the shrine of the Confessor; Nonconformists still look up to the memorials of Milton and Watts and the Wesleys. But the spiritual allegiance of Englishmen all the world over to the Abbey Church of Westminster is no more than a su-

³ *Map of Life*, ch. II, p. 216.

preme example of the loyalty which attaches the English-speaking race in its many and wide ramifications by ties of silent sympathy to the Church of England.

The Church has shared the fate of the English-speaking race in its world-wide diffusiveness. If there has been an expansion of England, so has there been an expansion of the Church of England as well. It may be true that that expansion "has been in most cases simply the following up of the unexampled expansion of commerce, dominion, intellectual and moral civilization which has been granted to England, and which has made the English-speaking people one of the great ruling factors in the present and future history of the world."⁴ But the expansion of England has necessarily imparted a new strength to the Church of England. It could not but happen that the Church of the nation, whose Empire includes something like one-fourth part of the habitable world and of its population, should rise to a heightened sense of responsibility and opportunity. "In religion," to quote Lord Acton's words, "as in so many things the product of the centuries" since the Reformation "has favored the new elements, and the centre of gravity moving from the Mediterranean to the Oceanic, from the Latin to the Teuton, has also passed from the Catholic to the Protestant"; and the Church of England, like the nation itself, may be said, in Sir John Seeley's striking phrase, to have entered upon so great a possession, as it were, "in a fit of absence of mind."

The Church, then, has been spiritually responsive to the political and industrial energy which has in the last three or four centuries created the British Empire. If it cannot be said of her in the fine figure which Edgar

Quinet applies to the Church at large, that she has preceded the peoples like a pillar of fire in their migrations, at least she has followed her own people with an illuminating and sanctifying power to their new homes. She has become something more than the Church of England; something like the Church of the British Empire. Other Churches indeed—other denominations—have evinced an activity not less impressive than her own in evangelistic and missionary enterprise. But it is the historical relation of the Church of England to the English people which has given her her peculiar influence upon the English-speaking race. "The conception of an English patriarchate *quasi alterius orbis papa*," says Bishop Creighton, "was as old as Anselm and was almost realized by Wolsey."⁵ But it is only within the last fifty years that such a conception has promised to become a reality. For the daughter churches of the Church of England in all parts of the British Empire and beyond it, while asserting their prerogatives of independent organization and legislation, have tended more and more to look for sympathy and support to the Church and to the episcopate at home—above all, to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lambeth Palace, as a centre of world-wide spiritual influence, has become, or is becoming, a second Vatican. The Archbishop, whose home it is, holds in his hands the threads of spiritual activities reaching outwards to the limits of the known world. It is in virtue of his ecumenical office, which is not the less real because as yet it is not formally realized, that he summons or invites the Bishops and other representatives of the Churches in communion with the Church of England, as if for a visit *ad limina*, to enter into counsel with him upon the duties, responsibilities and opportunities,

⁴ Barry, "The Ecclesiastical Expansion of England," p. 2.

⁵ "Lectures on Modern History," Inaugural Lecture on the Study of History, p. 9.

⁶ "Historical Lectures and Addresses," p. 166.

the failures and successes, the possible developments and amplifications of the Church all the world over. This is the motive of the Lambeth Conference, which will meet for the fifth time, and of the Pan-Anglican Congress, which will meet for the first time, this year.

It is true that the Church of England, after assuming an independent national status at the Reformation, was slow in rising to the conception of her imperial responsibility. Bishop Creighton indeed claims that

Elizabeth, in a time of great distress and difficulty, stood alone among her ministers and directed England's course, against their judgment of temporary expediency, steadily in this direction. For some time she alone understood the difference between an English Church and an Anglican Church. Owing to her resoluteness there was time for the lesson to be learnt, and Laud was the first who fully apprehended its full significance. To him the Church of England was not, as it had been to his predecessors, an arrangement for expressing the religious consciousness of the English people. It was a system instinct with life, full of mighty possibilities, with a world-wide mission peculiarly its own.⁷

But so high a vision could scarcely dawn upon the mind of the Church of England as a whole in a single generation. There were two inevitable dangers to be overcome before the Church could assume a universal character. The Elizabethan and Caroline divines were mainly occupied in justifying the Anglican ecclesiastical position against the Church of Rome on the one side and against Continental Protestantism on the other. It was at their hands that the Church of England acquired and asserted her well-defined Catholic, reformed, central character. But no sooner had she vindicated her orthodoxy, her historical continuity, and her sacramental system, than there fell

⁷ *Ibid.* p. 178.

upon her the religious *inertia* which is for Churches as for individuals the almost certain penalty of breaking, in however righteous a cause, with ancient traditional modes of belief and worship. In the history of religious experience few confessions are more pathetically interesting than the language in which Luther, when once the first fresh reforming enthusiasm of his life had spent itself, lamented the difficulty of sustaining in altered circumstances the faith, the sanctity, and the spiritual devotion which had been so natural to him under the shadow of the Catholic Church. For the Church of England the eighteenth century, although it has been sometimes unjustly depreciated, was upon the whole an age of spiritual languor; it was not an age of missionary aggressiveness. At the beginning of the eighteenth century "there were not a score of clergymen of the English Church ministering outside the limits of this country, nor was Nonconformity more fully represented."⁸

The venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts was founded in the year 1701. On the 16th of February 1738-9 Bishop Butler preached before the Society "at their anniversary meeting in the Parish Church of St. Mary-le-Bow" his well-known sermon on "our factories abroad and in the colonies to which we are related by their being peopled from our own mother-country and subjects, indeed, very necessary ones, to the same Government with ourselves." A few years before his appeal had been anticipated by the self-sacrificing ministry of Bishop Berkeley in Rhode Island and of John and Charles Wesley in Georgia.⁹ But as yet it could touch the consciences only of individuals; it evoked no echo in the large heart of the Church.

⁸ Tucker, "The English Church in Other Lands," p. 19.

⁹ Bishop Berkeley left England in 1728, the Wesleys in 1735.

The Prayer Book in its structure and language is a witness, the more significant as being undesigned, to the early temper of Anglican Churchmanship. It is a composition of wonderful range and beauty, second only, as Charles Simeon said, to the Bible itself. It contains many prayers embodying the spiritual experiences of Christians in more than a thousand years. But in some respects its contents and its omissions are alike disappointing. It abounds in rather servile petitions for the Sovereign and the Royal Family. It breathes an atmosphere of alarm, as though not the Church only but individual Christians were living in constant peril. But in no single prayer does it express the sense of Imperial responsibility. In none does it recognize the evangelization of the world as the supreme duty of the Christian Church.

The missionary spirit of the English Reformation may be said to date from the Methodist revival. When John Wesley said "the world is my parish," he asserted a principle wider perhaps than he himself knew it to be. His own life, with its record of more than 40,000 sermons, was mainly limited to the area of the British Isles; but the spirit of his teaching was such as transcended political and territorial limitations.

The Evangelical movement in the Church of England was the direct result of the Methodist movement which the Church had unwisely driven out of her pale. It exhibited the same worldwide spiritual ambition. The leading representatives of Evangelicism, the members of "the Clapham sect" which Sir James Stephen has so well described, if they were deeply concerned for the salvation of their own and their neighbors' souls, were not less keenly alive to the duty of bringing religion to bear as a saving force upon political and social questions, upon the elevation

of the national life in its various aspects and upon the reclamation and regeneration of mankind.

The societies formed as the results of the Evangelical movement about the beginning of the nineteenth century, such as the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Religious Tract Society, reflected the sense of a duty in the Church of England to all nations within and beyond the British Empire.¹⁰ But the spirit underlying those societies went still further. Readers of the life of William Wilberforce know how eagerly he and his colleagues in the House of Commons seized upon the opportunity afforded by the renewal of the East India Company's Charter in 1813 to throw India open to the missionaries of the Cross. They succeeded so far as to incorporate in the grant of the new Charter resolutions affirming that "it is the duty of this country to promote the interest and happiness of the native inhabitants of the British Dominions in India, and that such measures ought to be adopted as may tend to the introduction among them of useful knowledge and of religious and moral improvement," and that "in the furtherance of the same objects sufficient facilities shall be afforded by law to persons desirous of going to and remaining in India for the purpose of accomplishing these benevolent designs."

The first Bishop of Calcutta—Bishop Middleton—was consecrated on the 8th of May, 1814, but privately in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, and with such timidity that the sermon preached at his consecration by the Dean of Winchester—Dr. Rennell—was not allowed to be published. Yet the ceremony of that day, however carefully it might be veiled, was a sign which

¹⁰ The Church Missionary Society and the Religious Tract Society were both founded in 1799; the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1803.

could not be mistaken. It was a public reversal of the policy by which the officials of the East India Company had forbidden William Carey to land in Bengal except under the thin disguise of an indigo planter, and had afterwards driven him out of their territory to take refuge in the Danish settlement of Serampore. It was a confession of the practical no less than the spiritual failure waiting upon the sorry attempt of a Christian nation to disown or disguise its Christianity in the face of the heathen. Not all Anglo-Indian governors and administrators would adopt the emphatic testimony of Lord Lawrence, that the missionaries had done more good to India than all other Europeans; but there is probably not one of them who would hesitate to acknowledge the medical, intellectual, moral and spiritual benefits which have sprung from the work of European missionaries, both men and women, in India. To-day the Metropolitan Province of India and Ceylon includes as many as eleven bishoprics.

That the Christianization of India should have been regarded as an undertaking scarcely less perilous than ridiculous is not perhaps altogether surprising. Henry Martyn himself admitted that the conversion of a Brahmin would seem to him as great a miracle as the raising of a dead body to life. But it may well be a subject of surprise, if not of astonishment, that the British Government should have designed in 1788 to establish the first colonial settlement in Australia without taking any thought for its spiritual welfare. It was not until 1829 that the Church of England assumed an organic relation to the Australian colonies. In that year all Australia was made an archdeaconry of the See of Calcutta. Bishop Wilson, writing in September, 1833, from Calcutta to the Archdeacon of New South Wales, who was 6000 miles away, used the following pa-

thetic words: "Whoever else may hope to visit New South Wales from Calcutta, I at my age of fifty-six can never expect such a happiness." Yet he sent the Archdeacon his episcopal directions upon Confirmation and upon the consecration of churches. Three years later, in 1836, Archdeacon Broughton was consecrated Bishop of Australia—a continent which now possesses twenty bishoprics and three provinces.

But the spiritual duty which the Church was impotent to perform the leaders of Evangelicism attempted. It was through the influence of Wilberforce and his colleagues that Richard Johnson was permitted to accompany, as a voluntary chaplain, the first batch of exiles to Botany Bay. He could do but little, yet he did something, to keep the light of Christian faith and practice alive amidst "his people."¹¹

To his colleague and successor Samuel Marsden belongs the glory of having preached the Gospel not only in Australia but in New Zealand. For after laboring among the convicts in New South Wales he became the apostle of the Maoris; and it is said that 30,000 Maori converts received Holy Baptism within sixteen years as the result of his ministry. There are now seven bishoprics in the province of New Zealand.

Other events there were, even earlier than these, which tended to the diffusion of Anglo-Saxon Christianity. It is probable that the persistent refusal of the British Government to allow the consecration of bishops for the American colonies was one, and not the least powerful, among the causes of alienation between the mother country and the greatest of her children. At last in 1784 Bishop Seabury was consecrated Bishop of Connecticut, but consecrated by Scotch and not by English bishops. The Protestant Episcopal

¹¹ There is a graphic account of Johnson's difficulties in Rusden's "History of Australia," vol. i. pp. 190-192.

Church of the United States has become in a large degree the Church of cultivated Americans. It has founded eighty-two bishoprics at home and ten missionary bishoprics abroad; its congregations are estimated as numbering some five million souls.

But the earliest of colonial sees was Nova Scotia. Its first bishop—Bishop Inglis—was the first Anglican colonial bishop. The Diocese of Nova Scotia, when he was consecrated in 1787, included all British North America. It has developed into twenty-four bishoprics covering all Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The development of the foreign and colonial episcopate in the nineteenth century, especially in the latter half of the century, is too long a tale to be told in this article. But a special interest attaches to the speech made on the 27th of April 1841 at "a meeting of the clergy and laity specially called by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and held at Willis's Rooms for the purpose of raising a fund towards the endowment of additional colonial bishoprics"; for the speaker was Mr. Gladstone.

It is no easy matter (he said) to maintain in union the various parts of an empire so vast, and not so vast alone but of parts so heterogeneous, so singularly constituted and so widely separated as those of the Empire of Great Britain. I concur fully in the position that, while it may be in the course of nature and in the dispensations of Providence, that that Empire should hereafter divide itself without effort, without violence, without mischief by consent of all parties, in the maturity of events—while it may be that our Empire may be destined to such a division, yet if the connection is to be advantageous while it continues, if the connection is to be peaceful when it comes to its close, if the recollection that such a connection has once subsisted is to be a matter of satisfaction and thankfulness to those

future empires which may be generated from our own, it must be because, while it continued, its foundations were deeply laid in the recognition and maintenance of a common faith.

Such language seems now strangely out of date—it belongs to a time when the thought of a true imperialism had not dawned upon modern England. Fifty years later, at the jubilee of the Colonial Bishoprics Fund, Mr. Gladstone was able to dwell in appreciative terms upon the expansion of the episcopate; but he was careful to repudiate the idea of any necessary connection between the State at home and the episcopate abroad.

One plain fact sufficiently illustrates the progress of the Church of England. A hundred and twenty-one years ago there was not a single bishop of the Church or in communion with the Church outside the British Isles. The number of Anglican bishoprics is now 251, and of these 214 are situated outside England and Wales. As many as 244 bishops have already accepted the invitation to attend the Lambeth Conference this year.

The Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress are both expressions of the same Imperial conception of the Church of England; but they are different in character and object.

Forty-one years ago, at the suggestion of the Canadian Church, it occurred to Archbishop Longley that the rapid development of the Church of England in foreign parts seemed to demand some opportunity of mutual counsel and support among the episcopate. There would, he thought, be an advantage, both personal and ecclesiastical, arising from the assemblage of bishops all belonging to the same communion, yet exercising their apostolic ministry in widely sundered regions of the world. There would be a still greater advantage if the bishops of the same Church could arrive in certain essential mat-

ters at a community of purpose and action. One hundred and forty-four bishops were invited to the first Lambeth Conference—seventy-six attended it.

It is one of the paradoxes of ecclesiastical history that the first Lambeth Conference should have been repelled from the doors of Westminster Abbey. For the Abbey, by its independence of all diocesan claims and by the appeal which it makes to the affectionate sentiments of Anglo-Saxon Christendom, would seem to be marked out as the Church of the Empire. But Dean Stanley's letter to Archbishop Longley has, I think, been sometimes misunderstood. In 1867 there was some good reason to doubt whether the Lambeth Conference would win the support of the Anglican Episcopate throughout the world. Not a few bishops at home as well as abroad stood aloof from it. Among them were the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Durham, Carlisle, Ripon, Peterborough, and Manchester. No doubt it is probable that Dean Stanley was led by his distrust of some individual bishops to a still greater distrust of a whole Synod of Bishops. But he was justified in saying that "the absence of the Primate and of the larger part of the bishops of the Northern Province—not to speak of the bishops of India and Australia and of other important colonial and missionary sees—must, even irrespectively of other indications, cause the Conference to present a partial aspect of the English Church." Time, however, works its revenges; and the fifth Lambeth Conference will inaugurate its sessions by a service in Westminster Abbey, with the present Dean of Westminster, Stanley's next successor but one, as the preacher.

The Lambeth Conference has from the beginning been, and still is, a consultative, not a legislative body. Archbishop Longley, in his opening address

to the first Conference, was careful to use these words:

It has never been contemplated that we should assume the function of a general synod of all the Churches in full communion with the Church of England, and take upon ourselves to enact canons that should be binding upon those here represented. We merely propose to discuss matters of practical interest, and pronounce what we deem expedient in resolutions which may serve as safe guides to future action.

The resolutions are not binding upon the episcopate; still less are they binding upon the clergy and laity of the Church. Yet to one who studies the records of the past four Lambeth Conferences it becomes evident that at each successive Conference not only were the bishops who attended it more numerous than before, but they were more disposed to face questions of large importance and to face them with a more distinct responsibility as representatives of a Church which is not insular or provincial but imperial. Resolutions so conceived can never wholly lack authority. They possess an importance apart from any sanction which may lie behind them. The Church of England at home and abroad is in spirit so different from the Church of Rome that her members could never accept such a system as the Papacy. But the need of governance in the Anglican Communion is great, nay, it is glaring, and there is some reason to hope that the deliberations and decisions of the Lambeth Conference will gradually shape themselves into an ecclesiastical code depending not upon the exercise of authority but upon the common sense and good feeling of Christians who recognize that a great society cannot be formed—still less can it be maintained—if each individual member of it is to have his own way, and that it is the wisdom of the clergy

and of the bishops themselves to subordinate their judgment in a number of instances for the sake of acting in harmony with the will of the majority, and of so preserving, and not violating the peace of the Church. To this common action of all Churches in communion with the Church of England, the disestablishment of the Church, if it should ever take place, would probably conduce, as it would remove the difficulty of co-operation between a Church which is, and other Churches which are not, bound or affected by the authority of the State.

It has been the object of the Lambeth Conference to give expression to the mind of the Anglican Episcopate all the world over. But greater even than the Anglican Episcopate is the Church herself. All the world over the Church of England preserves and presents a distinctive character. Everywhere she maintains a certain definite historical organization. Everywhere she gives utterance to the spiritual experiences and aspirations of her children in certain familiar formularies. Everywhere too she assumes a particular attitude towards the phenomena of modern thought and life.

It is perhaps too much the fashion of English Churchmen to dwell upon the internal differences of their Church. They forget that for every point of difference there are at least ten points of agreement. They forget too that other Churches, as much as the Church of England, are subject to internal dissensions. In India, for example, the Roman Catholic Church is divided between the Vatican and the Portuguese jurisdictions; the Bishop of Mylapore in South India actually intrudes into the province of the Archbishopric of Calcutta; and there used to be a story told that a priest of the Church of Rome, travelling once in a steamboat on the Ganges with a clergyman of the Church of England, told his heretic

brother, in reference to this division, how much he envied him the felicity of serving a Church which was free from internal antagonisms.

No doubt it must be admitted that the Reformed Churches do not and cannot maintain the apparent external uniformity of the Church of Rome. Protestantism is the democracy of religion. It insists upon the solemn duty of an appeal to the individual conscience. It recognizes liberty, spontaneity, diversity amongst its members. Thus a superficial observer may be tempted to say with the late Mr. Rhodes that the Church of England does not know her own mind; the Church of Rome and the Salvation Army know what they want, but the Church of England does not know it. It would be a truer criticism that the Church of England insists upon unity in fundamental matters alone, and, when these are not in question, leaves her clergy and her laity to go their own way. She cares more for community of spirit than for identity of language. Yet she does undoubtedly produce or promote a special temper of religious thought and feeling. Her famous divines and preachers—a Hooker, an Andrewes, a Butler, a Paley, a Robertson, a Church—could all have belonged to no other communion in Christendom. She meets intellectual difficulties, such as those of the so-called Higher Criticism, in a spirit the very opposite of the autocracy now prevailing at the Vatican. She treats social and economical problems in a manner not less widely removed from the somewhat political religiousness of the Nonconformist bodies.

The Pan-Anglican Congress is designed to express the intellectual and spiritual unity of the Church of England at home and abroad. It will be the Church Congress of the Church of the Empire. It will formulate or will try to formulate a spiritual policy for

the Church all over the world.¹² In the language of the Preliminary Handbook issued by the organizers of the Congress its object will be

to give expression to the thoughts and desires of Churchmen regarding the spread of the Gospel throughout the world; to take counsel as to the co-operation and co-ordination of missions; the building up of independent Churches; the unity of Christendom, and particularly of the Anglican Churches; their relations to other Christian communions; the promotion of a true Christian spirit in the dealings of man with man, and race with race; the supply, training, and maintenance of clergy of all races; the ordering of lay ministrations; the duty of the Church with regard to national sins and evils; the social, industrial, scientific, educational, ecclesiastical, domestic and linguistic problems of all kinds which the Church has to face; in fact, any and all subjects affecting the well-being of Christendom and of mankind, so far as the Anglican Communion can touch them.

In order to express the mind of the Church at large upon such questions a series of Pan-Anglican papers have been written by well-known representatives of the Church of England upon six main subjects, viz:

- The Church and Human Society;
- The Church and Human Thought;
- The Church's Ministry;
- The Church's Missions in Non-Christian Lands;
- The Church's Missions in Christendom;
- The Anglican Communion.

The Bishop of St. Albans, who has taken a prominent part in organizing the Congress, has urged all Churchmen to study these papers, in the hope that the Congress may prove "an illuminating assembly gathering up the experi-

ence of competent observers and workers throughout the world, and enabling subsequent conclusions to be based on more accurate knowledge than would otherwise be possible,"¹³ and his advice accentuates one main purpose of the Congress itself.

Such a Congress, then, marks a step in the development of Anglican Christianity. Nothing like it has been achieved or attempted before. If the Lambeth Conference is an assembly of bishops debating in private, the Pan-Anglican Congress will be an assembly of the whole Church deliberating before the eyes of the world. Its effect will be to accentuate the consciousness of unity among all members of the Church. For that subtle sympathy of Christians—the sympathy which finds its full and final expression in the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints—will be vividly realized as a force nerving the arms and strengthening the wills and inspiring the energies of the workers for the same great cause in and beyond the wide domain of the British Empire.

How complete will be the representation of Anglican Churchmanship is shown by the rule of the Congress in relation to delegates. There will be no delegates indeed from dioceses within the British Isles. But each diocese or missionary jurisdiction outside the British Isles may appoint not more than six delegates, bishops, clergy, laymen, or women. Some of these delegates will come from remote and isolated parts of the Empire. They may have lived solitary lives in the mission-field far away from the homes and haunts of civilized men. For it is loneliness which is the sore trial of many a Christian worker in the colonies or in India. A clergyman living abroad may be placed in charge of a parish as large as an English county,

¹² It may be permitted one to refer here to a book recently published, "Church and Empire: a Series of Essays on the Responsibility of Empire," under the editorial care of Mr. Ellison and Dr. Walpole.

¹³ The Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress ("Church Quarterly Review," January 1906, p. 27).

with only a few families gathered here and there in townships. Or he may dwell among the heathen, seldom looking on a white face outside his own family, cut off from the sympathies of his fellow-Christians, saddened at heart perhaps by the sights and sounds of paganism. Then he is sent as a delegate to the Pan-Anglican Congress; he finds himself in the presence of many thousands of men and women professing the same faith and aspiring to the same end; the prayers, the praises which he recites week after week in some humble room, he hears reverberated by the voices of a mighty congregation. In Westminster Abbey at the opening of the Congress, or in St. Paul's Cathedral at its close, the historical associations of his Church, the moving influences of ritual and music, the solemn memories of the great and famous dead stamp themselves indelibly upon his mind. . But it is not only the delegates from foreign lands who will gain a fresh inspiration at the Congress. One of the crying needs of the Church of England is to create in the Church at home a living, practical, effective sympathy with the Church abroad. There is hardly any clergyman who would not derive benefit from an experience of colonial or foreign work. One of the foremost of missionary bishops in the Episcopal Church of the United States has said: "I wish it were possible, even though all clergy may not permanently surrender their lives to missionary work in foreign lands, that no man were allowed to enter his more circumscribed task in parochial duties at home without having had the discipline and inspiration of a term of service abroad."¹⁴ But if it is the duty of many or most clergymen to seek an experience of service abroad, it is the duty of the Church at home not to forget them.

The Church of England sends out her

sons and daughters as missionaries to the ends of the world. But she still sends them out under the auspices of societies without her own official recognition and benediction. It is much to be desired that every clergyman who volunteers for foreign service should go forth as the accredited representative of the Church herself. If his health breaks down, as it often will in a tropical climate, or if he reaches an age at which the fatigues of colonial ministry become too trying for him, he should be regarded as possessing almost a primary claim to some provision, however inadequate, at home. In travelling over the Empire I have noticed with a keen satisfaction that the Church seldom fails to supply the means of grace. In not a few hamlets of the Antipodes and in the scattered stations of India it has been my privilege to minister to the spiritual needs of English Churchmen and Churchwomen, or, if I were only passing through, to ascertain that the ministry of grace was not wholly wanting there. If in my travels I have learnt any lesson, it is that the Church at home has not yet realized half the power which she possesses in the devotion of her laity. But again and again I have met clergymen who have told me, almost with tears in their eyes, that the reward of their long ministry abroad was to be apparently forgotten at home. It is impossible in view of such an assemblage as the Pan-Anglican Congress to refrain from expressing the hope that men who give themselves to the foreign service of the Church will never be tacitly regarded as more or less disqualifying themselves for the higher offices of the Church abroad and for any offices at home.

The Pan-Anglican Congress will bring out the unity of spirit in the Church of England as a whole, and in all the Churches of the Anglican Com-

¹⁴ Brent, "Adventure for God," p. 26.

munion. It will evoke a greater sympathy between the Church abroad and the Church at home. It will strengthen the feeling of spiritual responsibility for the Empire. Above all it will quicken the sense of missionary obligation and missionary opportunity. A change has passed over the attitude of the Church and of the world towards Christian Missions. The cheap gibes of Sydney Smith at the pioneers of Christian Protestant Missions in India seem wholly incongruous to-day. The Christianization of the Empire is recognized as a duty laid by God upon Great Britain. But preachers of the Gospel abroad have, in teaching others, learnt much themselves. Such a volume as "Mankind and the Church," written in view of the Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress by seven bishops who have all gained some personal experience of missionary work, is remarkable as being an attempt to estimate not so much what the Church of England may do for the world as what the several races of the world may themselves contribute to the fulness of the Church of God. It is the witness of a new and true spirit in Christian Missions. European Christianity is not the only—it may not prove to be the highest—type of Christianity. India, if it ever should become Christianized, may make as great a contribution to Christian thought as Greece once made. At all events it is well that the Church at home and abroad should realize the possibilities of races which are not yet Christian coming one day to supply what is now lacking in the character of European Christianity.

The Nineteenth Century and After,

One other result there is which may in time be brought about by the diffusion of Anglican Christianity. In the presence of the heathen the divisions of Christendom seem less vital; they excite a deeper shame as being hindrances to the evangelization of the world. The free air of the colonies is favorable to religious experiments. It is possible that some difficulties which seem insoluble at home will be more or less solved abroad. Already it seems that in Australia Episcopalians and Presbyterians show signs of uniting their forces.¹⁵

The thankoffering of money, still more the significant thankoffering of men, which are projected features of the Congress, attest a lofty and sacred spirit. God has in some sense called the British nation to a primacy among the nations. But such a primacy involves a corresponding responsibility. The British Empire will not justify its continued existence if it does not everywhere maintain the great principles upon which it was founded—justice, liberty, progress, equality, pure and free religion. But if the Lambeth Conference and the Pan-Anglican Congress shall stamp upon the hearts of all members of the Church of England a deep sense of moral and spiritual responsibility for the Empire, they will not be held in vain; they will be inspiring sources of a consecrated imperial energy to which it is difficult even in thought to set a limit.

J. E. C. Weldon.

¹⁵ See a passage in the Archbishop of Brisbane's essay upon Australia in "Church and Empire," p. 186.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MINX.**A STUDY FROM THE LIFE OF THE MANY.**

He wondered if it would ever end, this hot, weary afternoon; if these five rows of whispering schoolboys would ever exhaust the tricks they played unceasingly—tricks that seemed to increase in power of annoyance as the boys grew more irritable with the day, with the school, with the lesson.

So, from that class-room, whose very atmosphere was charged with ennui and disgust, no one more ardently longed for escape than did Robert Engle, the young assistant-teacher. Pale of cheek and narrow-chested, his deficient vitality told against him at every step of the lesson, and rendered fruitless his patient endeavors to gain the attention of his pupils. He might, indeed, as well have tried to crib and confine the small clouds floating on high that could be seen from the window.

This hour was one supposed to be devoted to the teaching of English literature. From a book of poetical selections Shelley's "Ode to the Skylark" was being read. One by one the boys stood up and gabbled, in a monotone, verses to which the teacher listened with as much enjoyment as might be expected, seeing that he had for these same verses an admiration so passionate as to be at times a poignant anguish.

With all the energy left him he endeavored to make the schoolboys feel that here a poet had poured forth his soul for their delight, but even the few pairs of eyes that were fixed on him remained dull and uncomprehending. At length a despairing resignation settled upon him. He made no more attempts to explain or praise, and he spoke only to call the boys to order.

"Smith, you sit up and attend, sir!"

"Ford, you come out and put on my desk all the sweets you have in your pocket!"

Ford obeyed. As he returned to his seat he found an opportunity to amuse his friends with a series of grimaces made behind his teacher's back. Having thus thrown half the class into silent convulsions of merriment he felt that he had not lost his sweets in vain.

Robert Engle knew full well that as a disciplinarian he was painfully lacking in strength. This fact, many times impressed upon him by his headmaster, completed the sum of the misery he suffered in school.

He would have been a more useful member of society had he not suffered from too acute an artistic perception, a love of poetry over-keen for an elementary school teacher, an imagination that broke bounds and was apt to wander and stray as he tried to do his daily work. In his day-dreams unheard melodies and haunting visions beset his mind; lines of poetry that he had read echoed and re-echoed through his brain, and as he awoke from these alluring phantasms the sordid rigidity of his life hemmed him round like a prison.

The sound of a cane with which the master in an adjoining room unceasingly belabored the shoulders of his pupils, the unhealthy atmosphere, the rough, dirty clothes and hobnailed boots of the boys, their unintelligent bovine faces, the contemptuous grins with which they greeted his attempts to awake in them some sense of honor and beauty—all these were a nightmare under which he labored daily.

Now, with an eagerness which none of his pupils could equal, he glanced through the glass doors of his classroom, watching the clock in the corridor outside.

The last five minutes, leaden-footed as they were, came to an end, and then the shrill sound of the headmaster's whistle gave permission for lessons to

be closed. Prayers were read with singularly little of devoutness; out scuffled the boys, single-hearted in their eagerness to escape; a boy who had been kept in began to scribble his lines defiantly, and the teacher turned to his desk, where a pile of exercise-books was ready for correction.

To-night the task was beyond him. Some half-dozen, indeed, were marked, but then the after-school atmosphere oppressed him beyond all bearing. With unpardonable weakness he released the boy who had been kept back and bundled the unmarked books into a cupboard, heedless of a decree which said that all exercises should be corrected the day they were written.

"I will be here early in the morning to mark them, in case the inspector comes to-morrow," Robert Engle assured himself, knowing meantime from past experience that there was little likelihood of any such effort on his part.

He took his hat and passed hurriedly through the central hall, avoiding a group of his fellow-teachers who were standing there eagerly discussing some obscure point in the latest Code issued by the Board of Education. So elastic was Engle's nature that as he passed across the asphalted playground, out of the iron gates, and along a depressing street of smoky dwarf houses, his spirit soared again. Forgetful of school, he luxuriated in happy thoughts of a meeting which was to take place anon.

For he would see her in three and a-half brief hours, the woman who in her person retained the grace and the mystery of the elect few who had charmed his mind since the magic of the printed page first held him captive.

To him she had the wild elfish sweetness of the Belle Dame sans Merci, the pathetic innocence of Elaine, and the majestic beauty of Guinevere. She had the haunting eyes of the Dam-

ozel. And was not her hair the color of ripe corn?

That she was a dressmaker's assistant and a friend of his strident-voiced landlady were incongruous details which he was happily able to wave aside.

Hitherto Engle had been single-souled in his worship of the ideal, and the few women who had attracted him he had been content to admire at a distance with a fugitive and qualified admiration. This had lasted until he had returned one evening from a science class to find a girl named Etty Clark sitting with his landlady.

Just then his mind, weary and depressed, craved something more tangible than the dreams upon which it had been nourished. In the lamplight Etty Clark, smiling and fresh, seemed to him the embodiment of his most ecstatic vision.

His appearance seemed to put an end to the conversation. Miss Clark said conventionally to her friend the landlady that she thought she must be going, giving at the same time a quick glance in the direction of the young school-teacher.

Being untutored and obtuse in such matters, Robert would have let slip this golden opportunity had not the landlady struck in with a meaning smile:

"Perhaps Mr. Engle would not mind seeing you to the corner, my dear?"

With a blush he hurriedly declared his readiness to see the visitor home.

Of the walk that followed he had afterwards no clear recollection. It appeared to his mind through a haze, wine-colored and honey-scented. All that he could remember definitely was that, somehow, he had promised to meet her in two days. From whom the suggestion had first come he could not quite recall, only that the desire had seemed wonderfully mutual.

That afternoon upon the wished-for day he sat musing over his empty cup and plate until his landlady came to clear away. He was happily unconscious of the contemptuous glance that she flung at him; but her noisy rattling of the tea-things awoke him from his Elysian dreams. With a half-sigh, half-smile, he sat down to occupy a weary hour with a text-book of physiography.

His divinity did not leave her workroom before eight o'clock. She had promised to meet him at half-past that hour, the brief interval being devoted to purposes of personal adornment. Truth to say, the girl was not particularly gratified by this her latest conquest. To her mind Robert Engle had "no go" in him; indeed, if she had not at that time been lacking an avowed admirer she would hardly have cared further to pursue the chase.

As malicious fate would have it, the day after she had promised to meet Engle a grocer's assistant, whose moustache was as abundant and black as that of any villain of melodrama, showed an unmistakable desire to become further acquainted with her. This was flattering, but a trifle inconvenient.

"Just my luck!" she said to the apprentices in her workroom, who listened with unfeigned interest to highly colored and romantic versions of her love affairs. She proceeded to relate that she had got well on with a gentleman madly in love with her—she could tell them he was quite the gentleman; then there had come this other fellow, saying he had been waiting, goodness knew how long, for an introduction. She had seen him smile at her day after day, but she had always held her head high, as they might guess. That had only made him think the more of her; and here he was, ready to take her to a play, Earl's Court, anywhere she would like to go to; but she had fixed it up

with this other one. It was a bit awkward, as they must see.

A senior apprentice said shrewdly, as Etty stopped to bite off a thread of cotton, that the thing was—would this other one be any good?

For a few moments Etty Clark looked dubious. With a toss of her head she regained confidence.

"Yes, he meant business," she declared. "At any rate, if he doesn't I'll soon find it out. After all, there's nothing like a gentleman. I have always been a bit particular—too particular, perhaps. I've never been one to mix myself up with a common lot."

At half-past eight that evening Robert Engle was at the meeting place with a feverish punctuality. He had not long to wait before Etty Clark came in sight. With various cheap adornments she had done her best to destroy any natural charm she might have had. A subtle sense of this entered Robert Engle's mind as, with a look of non-committal, he eyed the string of imitation pearls around her neck, the feather boa flaunting on her shoulders, the elaborately trimmed hat perched rakishly on the side of her head.

They exchanged greetings.

Then Engle asked where should they go for a walk, and she replied that it was all the same to her.

One who was used to the ways of Etty Clark might have discovered a slight note of aggression in her voice. In spite of her assurance to the other girls, she was beginning to regret that she had wasted so much time upon this young schoolmaster, who might, after all, be unprofitable. As if to arouse her discontent, she had on her way to this meeting passed the grocer's assistant, resplendent and debonaire, and by contrast Engle appeared dull and stupid. His manner of quiet deference, which at first had been somewhat pleasing, quickly palled on her, and did not

promise much excitement. "I know of a pretty walk," he said; and he thought of a country lane, some two miles away, which possessed rural charms hardly to be expected within ten miles of the great city. He anticipated innocent joys hitherto undreamed of, and believed that the coming hour would redeem many a weary day in the past. Unfortunately his companion lacked the nature and the mood for a country ramble. She paced demurely by his side, somewhat piqued when they came to unfrequented parts and she found that Robert Engle did not offer his arm.

He paid her none of the compliments that her soul craved; his conversation was purely impersonal, and he betrayed no sign of the passion that consumed him. Etty dangled provocatively a plump hand squeezed into a tight kid-glove, but Engle did not take it in his, as she expected. He walked at her side, his face pale and restrained, only an unusual glint of his eyes betraying emotion.

Etty chattered volubly, in a manner that she considered wholly charming, upon various topics that appealed to her. She laughed shrilly at her own jokes, while her companion listened with a vague bewilderment. He was provokingly dense, seeming not to regard her various hints that one love-scene in the piece now being acted at the nearest suburban playhouse was suggestive of their own situation. He expressed no regret when she told him that she had not been to Earl's Court that summer, nor did he seem interested when she told him that her birthday was next week.

Finding that these shots had missed their mark, Etty began to show annoyance. She bit her lip and gave sulkily monosyllabic answers to the few remarks Engle made from time to time. He was supremely happy, and had forgotten the imitation pearls, the smart

hat and the tight gloves. The tender radiance of a summer evening was all around; on one side a green smiling valley, on the other broad pastures; while in the breeze and rustle of the trees he heard the pipes of Pan.

To the girl the scene was unutterably dull, and her companion likewise. She could hardly listen with patience when in low tones he spoke of the beauty of earth and sky.

The mischance of Robert's life was that he possessed the soul of a poet, while his lips remained sealed. Every poetic instinct was there, but it seemed as if expression had been denied him. Often the metre of a dumb verse would flash through his mind, and here and there a word or a phrase of exceeding beauty break forth. His mind contained fragments of dream-like stories, delicate and rare; but, strangely enough, the unfinished manuscripts hidden away at his lodgings were harsh and crude. To his bitterness he was beginning to realize that it was not his lot to be maker of song or story.

However, that mattered little at this moment, when at his side was the tangible embodiment of his fairest dreams. Thus they sauntered on, the girl growing more and more irritable. Suddenly she stopped short and turned on her heel.

"Look here!"

The vixenish quality of her voice jarred upon her companion as he awoke from his ecstasy.

"I've had enough of this!"

"Of this? Of what?" he stammered, puzzled and alarmed.

"Why, of mooning along here like a pair of ninnes. I'm tired to death. I didn't come out to tramp the country at this time of night."

The merest shadow of a silver crescent moon hung in a pale purple sky.

Something in the amazed look with which Engle regarded her increased Etty's annoyance. She grew more vol-

uble and shrill, her petulance increasing as she went on.

He heard like a rattle of small arms that she was not accustomed to this sort of thing; that she was faint and tired, as might be expected after such a walk; that this was not the way she should be treated; she knew manners if somebody else didn't, and no gentleman would have treated her so.

That the volley was received with amazement enraged her still further, and she became more explicit. It was her opinion that, unless there were a definite engagement, it was far better to go to a place of amusement. She wasn't accustomed to be dragged about country lanes, and she didn't think it the right thing, without a clear promise.

Robert Engle listened like one half-stunned.

"I am sorry," he said; "I beg your pardon. I did not think you would object."

Something in his strained tones helped her to regain some thin rag of self-control, and she walked along in silence, half sullen, half remorseful. Soon they reached the lighted suburban streets, where the school-teacher wished his companion "Good-night." Shamefacedly she murmured something about having said more than she meant, and that she for one was ready to make it up. She might have spared herself this effort, for Robert Engle had relinquished any claim he might have had upon her society, and, so far as he was concerned, the grocer's assistant had no rival.

He left her and walked to his lodgings, his heart full of bitterness. He felt his soul defiled by the vulgarity and greed of one whom he had set upon the high altar of his soul. All life seemed base and sordid that night.

He reflected, with bitterness, that while he remained in his present position most of the women he was fated

to meet would prove to be of this type, odious and predatory. How, indeed, could they be otherwise? They, like himself, had to fight for what they wanted. With a sort of terror he thought of the occupation he so unwillingly followed, and realized that it held him captive as a maimed rabbit in a steel trap. Despondency filled his eyes.

But the horror passed, as horrors will, and the slender episode in no way changed the hue of Robert Engle's life. He bore his disillusionment philosophically, regarding his own emotions with a cynicism by no means displeasing to himself. For was it not something of an adventure to have fallen in love at all?

He bore without flinching the news brought to him by his tidings-loving landlady, that Etty Clark was engaged to be married to Mr. Henry Judson, the grocer's assistant aforesaid.

The betrothed pair called one evening upon that lady, and in this way Engle spoke for the first time to the bridegroom-elect, who was hilarious to a well-nigh unbearable degree. Etty was unusually quiet. Once or twice the discarded Robert found her eyes fixed upon him with a meaning that he failed to understand.

When the pair had gone, the landlady told him that the marriage was to take place in a surprisingly short time.

"Henry Judson is to be made manager of a new branch just being opened," she exclaimed. "That's why they've got to hurry up. If he didn't marry he'd have to engage a housekeeper, for he's going to live over the shop. I hope it won't be a case of 'Marry in haste and repent at leisure'; that's what I say to Etty. There's no denying he's handsome and rising-like, as one might say; but there, one never knows."

She shook her head oracularly, and went away, leaving the young school-teacher regarding the vision of his shattered ideal.

Months passed; the couple were married. Engle continued to teach the same class in the same room of the same school. He read poetry with more assiduity than ever; the wheels of life jogged on, in fact, in their accustomed ruts. Without effort on his part the remembrance of Etty with her cheap fascinations and her unlovely cravings passed from his mind.

He moved to fresh lodgings, and thus it was that he had no news about her until a day when an announcement in a local paper told him that "Etty, the beloved wife of Henry Judson," had died in her twenty-fifth year. An infant, prematurely born, had died also.

It scarcely moved him. He had a passing regret that one who had grasped at life with such avidity should have been swept out of reach of all that she craved; but that was all.

One Sunday afternoon he was walking past the gate of the nearest cemetery when he met, face to face, Henry Judson, the widower, clad in respectable black, returning, apparently, from the grave of his wife.

The two men recognized each other and stopped mechanically. "Mr. Engle!" said Judson, raising his hat in a slightly theatrical manner. "I am glad to meet you once again, sir." Robert, awkward and embarrassed, murmured some commonplace phrases of condolence.

"I am glad to meet you," repeated the widower—and he jerked his head backward in the direction of the cemetery—"for her sake as well as my own. It was a great loss, Mr. Engle—a great loss." His weak face became convulsed with grief, and he blew his nose violently.

"I am sure of that," said Robert Engle nervously. "It seems awfully hard

lines." He cast about in his mind for some more consoling words, and then he added:

"—especially as you were so devoted to each other."

The widower stared fixedly at Robert Engle.

"Ah!" he said at length; "that's the worst of it. I cared for her, but she didn't care for me. I ought never to have married her. Mr. Engle, sir, I feel I can speak to you freely. I feel you will understand me, as you knew her and appreciated her, and were such a great friend of hers."

"Well, hardly a great friend. In fact, I don't think I met her half a dozen times."

The widower shook his head disconsolately.

"I know all about it. She never hid anything from me, did my poor Etty. I tried my best to be a good husband to her; but she never really loved me. I thought that when the baby came it would make everything different; but you see this happened, and I've lost them both. Yes, you were the only one she loved."

"I the only one? Oh, no! This is some mistake. You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do mean it," declared the widower bitterly. "She loved you as she never loved me; her heart was yours to the last."

"I can assure you . . ." But Judson waved aside the stammering protest.

"I don't blame her, and I don't blame you. She was not like other women"—here a strange little note of pride crept into his voice—"It was your intellect, I suppose, and your manners. She used to say that you were such a refined man, and so well educated. She set great store on education, and I never had much of it. She often said she wished she had married you."

His voice had a pathetic quiver; he

was a child grieving over a broken toy.

"I must tell you," said Engle, desperately, "that it is impossible! Why, I have never seen her since her marriage."

"I know that well enough. She didn't forget I was her lawful husband; don't you make any mistake about that, Mr. Engle. If you had seen her it wouldn't have made any difference. She was as straight as a die, sir; but she told me that she walked out with you before she was engaged to me."

"Once!" said Robert Engle, his face as pale as death. Then he stood still. "It is quite unnecessary to discuss this now," he added. "It could do no good, even if what you suppose were true. I hope it is not true. Good afternoon."

He turned and walked away, almost overcome by a surprising surge of feeling that made him feel dazed and sick at heart. His thought flew far and wide like leaves before an autumn wind. He wondered if it were possible that the dead woman had really cared most for him, in spite of her manner. When he was alone in his room he wept for her.

He had misjudged her, he told himself; he had wrongly attributed to her base and sordid motives; he had, in his folly and ignorance, thrown away a pure and unselfish love, such as life might not hold for him again. The thought was intolerable, but it remained with him, gradually losing its poignancy as time went on.

Out of the memory of the commonplace and narrow he step by step created an ideal image, which became more and more real, obscuring all her faults, annihilating all her sordidness, and winning his worship. He did not realize that this divine creation was no more like Etty Clark, as she had existed in the flesh, than the glow-worm by night is like the glow-worm by day.

So a year passed, and one evening, as

he was returning from school, Engle again met Judson, no longer the disconsolate widower, but jaunty and smiling. Seeing Engle, who had hoped to pass by unnoticed, he stopped and greeted him with unlooked-for enthusiasm.

"How do you do, sir? How do you do, Mr. Engle? . . . Glad to see you once again."

Robert took the proffered hand, feeling meantime something that was not unlike a cold pang of jealousy. For this man had been the husband of the divinity he now worshipped; this man alone had the right to remain faithful to her memory.

"I hope you are well," said Robert Engle mechanically, trying to shut out one hateful picture his mind would conjure up.

"Capital! A 1. Doing well in business; first-class. Hope you're the same."

"I? Oh yes, thank you."

"Right you are! I say, Mr. Engle. . . ." here Judson lowered his voice to a confidential whisper—"I've a bit of news. Guess what it is."

"Guess! Really, I can't. What is it?"

The young grocer laughed in a knowing manner, and put his hand familiarly on Engle's shoulder.

"I am going to enter a second time the holy estate of matrimony. Wish me luck."

Engle gazed at him, astonished, almost revolted.

"A second time! Well, I hope you'll be happy."

Even while speaking he realized that his words were more true than he had intended. Now he could be, indeed, the sole cherisher of one radiant memory.

Judson enlarged upon the merits of the woman he was now proposing to marry, not the least of these being the fact that she was the owner of a "tidy little income, sir, which'll start us in a business."

The school-teacher went home more firm than ever in fidelity to the vanished woman, or at least to his conception of her; irradiated within by a sort of joy that he at last was her exclusive possessor, sweet phantom only though she was. She whom he now worshipped was an ecstatic vision, an embodiment of grace—happy, beautiful, pure and spiritual beyond earthly women and she was now *his*.

As at that sad time when he had been the prey of a needless and cruel disillusionment, he leaned from his bedroom window gazing out into the night—far into the night.

From the darkness came an answering murmur, one that grew and swelled. He heard the carol of a bird hidden in the shades—a carol that be-

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came a pæan of rapture and transcendent sweetness. He listened, enthralled, till his soul leapt up and swam out to greet the heavenly singer; care dropped from him like a garment, and he entered into the kingdom that was his by right.

His soul brightened, even beamed, under the influence of a joy that is given to few. The happiness he found in this dream of one who was his own creation was embodied in the far-off song he heard. For it was no bird of earth that sang to him that night, as surely it had sung to others in years now dead. Was not this the nightingale that Keats had heard, the skylark of Shelley—also dream-begotten like his idol—the bird that would sing to others when this poor poet's heart was clay?

F. E. Dugdale.

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

Inexorable Death, whom he had so often and so grandly defied, has at length prevailed, and Britain is the poorer by the loss of an honest gentleman and a gallant soldier. For forty years of strenuous life in four continents Sir Redvers Buller did splendid service for his country; it is alike honorable to him and to the people he served that in his darkest hours of failure they were not ungrateful. In trying to estimate his worth this fact must not be forgotten. The man who could retain the esteem of his race and the confidence of his soldiers in difficulty and defeat must have possessed most of the qualities which make for greatness. And the qualities General Buller possessed were those most typical of, and most dear to, his race, the qualities associated for ever with the men of his country, contempt of death, cool daring, unswerving devotion to duty. These are fine qualities, and to them Buller added intellectual ability,

which made him an excellent administrator, and a kindness of heart, concealed under a stern exterior, which made him a great leader of men. That he failed to satisfy the ultimate test of the soldier, that he fell short of the high expectations of his countrymen, is most true. But it is not the least of his rewards that his countrymen are able to pierce the haze of the Natal campaign and to see undimmed the claims to their admiration which lie beyond it, that even in the agony of the "black week," when grief and shame knocked at every door, they were able to weigh past achievement against present failure.

It is inevitable that the verdict of history upon General Buller must be decided by the campaign of 1900. His career to that moment had been one of undimmed success. All that he had done he had done well. In fight he was conspicuous even among the brave, in the hard routine of war his energy

and resource attracted particular attention, in the War Office he rendered valuable service. In subordinate positions he had proved himself a great soldier, and when fortune gave him the opportunity of placing the final seal upon his reputation, no one looked to see him fail. *Capax imperii nisi imperasset.* He showed once more, as many a one of the Napoleonic soldiers showed, that to make a great general of a great soldier needs an indefinite something—imagination, intuition, what you will, that something which we call a genius for war—which he and they did not possess.

This is not the moment to lay a heavy finger upon General Buller's mistakes on the Tugela, but the affectation of ignoring them would be disrespectful to his memory and distasteful to him were he alive. He was slow and irresolute; he found the way at last, but it was after exhausting every other way in blind groping. And having found it, having pushed his way to Ladysmith with something of his old dash and fire, he made a fatal pause and suffered his shattered enemy to escape. This perhaps was the gravest error of that faulty campaign. For the rest we may severely criticise General Buller without loading him with all the blame. He was not always well served by his generals, though his men never failed or faltered in their service. The fatal evacuation of Spion Kop, already won, was not his doing. The abandonment of the guns at Colenso can only be excused, if indeed it can be excused at all, by the numbing astonishment of defeat. But the repulse itself was not necessarily fatal to his reputation. We were then only learning the conditions of the war; it was our first meeting for half a century with white men armed with weapons of precision; Buller himself approached his task without sufficient knowledge of his foe. We learned indeed by bitter experience, but the

experience came to Buller first of all.

There is something almost tragic in the small interval which stood between General Buller and undying fame in those days. Had he but had the inspiration of attacking on the right flank by way of Hlangwane in the first instance, instead of not doing so until all other ways had failed, had he pierced that terrible country, at the first onset, he had been enshrined in our military Valhalla. It was not to be. Perhaps Fortune, in giving him his chance had been unkind in postponing it until advancing age had dulled the high qualities that carried him to eminence in earlier years. Perhaps he was no longer the Buller of Zululand and Ashanti and China and Canada; perhaps, after all, he had never possessed the vital spark of military greatness. Who can say? These things are for history. To-day Redvers Buller is mourned by his soldiers as one who never forgot them or feared to share their dangers, by his countrymen as a man who never faltered in his duty, who spent his life in their service, and who did his best. And of whom can more be said?

That the King should have been the first to recognize Buller's successes rather than his later shortcomings should prove a noble example to those who judge harshly of the great soldier who won the Victoria Cross for conspicuous bravery. His Majesty commanded that full military honors should be paid to the deceased at the funeral which took place yesterday at Crediton, and the "sincere regret and deep sympathy" of both the King and Queen was conveyed in a message to Lady Audrey Buller and her family in their bereavement. Sir Evelyn Wood, Buller's "comrade and friend" of thirty-five years, cites an incident that occurred during the Zulu campaign as showing Buller's dash and bravery. On March 27, 1879, after long and arduous fighting, Buller reached Kambula

at sunset, having lost twenty-five per cent. of his Europeans. "About 9 P.M.," writes Sir Evelyn, "we heard a party of Buller's men, cut off by the advance of the main Zulu army, had escaped down the north-east side of the nearly precipitous Inhlobane Mountain. The night was dark; heavy rain was falling; men and horses were ex-

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hausted, and twenty-three thousand Zulus were a few miles from our camp; but Buller, calling for volunteers, started immediately and brought in the fugitives. This typical instance of my late friend's conduct is the keynote of the regard he inspired amongst his followers."

BETWEEN SOCIALISM AND MILITARISM.

It is unfortunately true that very few business men bestow upon public accounts a tithe or even a hundredth part of the care and attention which they devote to their own. If they found a large and increasing proportion of their own expenditure to be unproductive and wasteful, they would apply the pruning hook remorselessly. But when national or local extravagance is rising by leaps and bounds, they leave the matter to politicians, and are only roused to indignation when a demand note or an income-tax paper reaches them. So much the more important is it that serious journals should be always vigilant, and should let pass no opportunity of reviewing the finances of the country. There never was a more critical moment than this in the history of our expenditure and taxation. Next year's Budget will probably decide the fate of the present Government, and it will also involve tremendous issues for the capital and industries of the country. Let us try to describe those issues as they emerge from the Budget debate, and from the unfoldings of our foreign policy. We cannot hope to set forth the position half so vividly as did Mr. Lloyd George, in the brilliant speech with which he wound up for the Government Monday's debate on the income-tax resolutions. But we will endeavor to place before our readers, in moderate com-

pass, the three paths which it is now open to the Government to take—the path of plundering the rich, with Mr. Snowden as pioneer, the path of plundering all classes, with tariff reform as the means and militarism as the object, and the path of moderation, which would hold fast by our present system of finance, and carry out measures of general benefit, diminishing all forms of unproductive, mischievous, and wasteful expenditure, and making the restoration of a peace level of warlike expenditure harmonize with the pacific professions, and, let us hope, the pacific policy of the Government.

To touch first upon general policy. Some critics always argue that every development of foreign policy, every new alliance or *entente*, every new friendship, every solution of an old quarrel, every triumph of arbitration, is an argument for increasing the cost and size of the Army and Navy. And the wealthy classes as a whole, to whom these proposals for strengthening our power by continually expanding our armaments are addressed by newspapers like *The Times* and the *Morning Post*, do not appear to make any active protest. All that they do is to join leagues for protesting against the height of the income-tax or the incidence of the death duties. They are far more troubled by the expenditure of a million upon some object which can be

called socialistic than by an addition of ten millions to the naval or military budget. And yet it is a matter of common knowledge to every student of finance that the heavy capital losses which have fallen upon our wealthy classes during the last ten years, and the heavy additional taxes imposed upon their incomes during life, and their property after death, are entirely due to the growth of our military and naval budgets. There has been no demand for that growth from the working classes. They were not afraid of the Russian fleet in 1898; they are not afraid now of a German invasion of Norfolk. But the wealthy and governing classes of the country have deliberately added, or allowed to be added, to our annual expenditure in the last ten or twelve years a sum of about 20 millions for the service of the land and sea forces of Great Britain. But for that increase the income-tax would have now stood at eightpence, the death duties need not have been touched, and there would have been a handsome surplus available for other purposes. There has been no serious attempt by the statesmen who have been responsible for permitting and maintaining this vast addition to the national burdens (which means a sum of, roughly, 600 millions withdrawn from our commercial capital) to explain and justify this extraordinary departure from our traditional policy of peace expenditure in time of peace—a policy strenuously advocated and observed by statesmen of such dissimilar views as Pitt, Lord John Russell, Disraeli, and Gladstone. If we compare our international position to-day with what it was in 1898 the mystery only becomes greater. Then we were supposed to be threatened by a hostile combination of France and Russia, with a fleet far more nearly approximating in strength to our own than is that of Germany. Nor was the attitude of Germany

friendly when our troubles in South Africa began. There had been a good deal of friction also with the United States. Yet we slept peacefully in our beds, with a sense of perfect security, and, indeed, the scale of our armaments was absolutely, and even proportionately, higher than at any time since the Battle of Waterloo, though very much lower than it is now.

What, then, is the actual position? Our *entente* with France seems to have passed almost into the stage of a mutual understanding for defence. We have an alliance with Japan. The old bogey of a Russian invasion of India has been finally laid. Our relations with the United States have become as cordial as ties of blood and language could make them. Every possible cause of anxiety but one has been removed, and that cause of anxiety depends upon the cowardly notion that three Englishmen at sea are not a match for one foreigner, and that so far from a fleet of treble strength being a protection, we must spend eight or nine millions more upon the army than was required ten years ago. Well, under these circumstances, we find prominent members of the Opposition—whose object really seems to be to embarrass our finances just when they are recovering from the Boer war—actually asserting that it will be the bounden duty of the Government not to curtail and restrict these excesses, but to add next year four or five millions sterling to the Naval Estimates alone. Now, it is clear that if these demands which are being pushed by *The Times* and other newspapers are to be satisfied, the business community, and especially the great capitalists of the country, must be prepared to foot the bill which their friends are presenting. They cannot persuade the Unionist Opposition to oppose old-age pensions; on the contrary, the Tariff Reformers are complaining that the old-age pension scheme is too

small, and that it ought to be enlarged in various directions, and made more costly. In these columns we have urged in season and out of season that retrenchments and economies long delayed should no longer be postponed. We have urged that the social expenditure to which both parties are pledged should be provided not by any relentless taxation of the rich, but by moderation in armaments, and that the foreign and colonial policy of the Government should be conducted in such a way that our own people may reap the fruits of peace and common-sense. Both the late and the present Premier have spoken over and over again in this sense, and we are delighted to see that the persuasive appeal addressed to the Government by Mr. John Ellis on Monday did not fall on unwilling ears. What the Chancellor of the Exchequer said on this head is so important that we shall take the liberty of reproducing it from the verbatim report in *The Times*:—

A very weighty criticism was made by the right hon. member for Rushcliffe, and I regret that there was not a larger attendance to hear him, especially of my colleagues, because it was rather addressed to them than to the House of Commons. He made a very strong appeal for economy, especially in military armaments. It was a very useful appeal, and I hope that it will carry weight in the proper quarters. A good deal has been done in the last two or three years, and I do not despair of more being accomplished in the coming year. When so much has to be done in the way of social reform—and I agree as to the poverty, distress, and misery prevailing not merely in this country but throughout the whole of Europe and in all the old countries—it does seem a piece of gigantic folly that we should be spending hundreds of millions a year on machinery for blowing each other's brains out. One of the first things told me at the Treasury was that Lord Randolph Churchill resigned because the Army and Navy ex-

penditure was likely to aggregate £31,000,000, and I was told, "The first thing you must do is to find £60,000,000." That is an increase of £30,000,000 in 20 years. I do not know if we get any advantage from it. (Cries of "No.") It is simply this mad competition (cheers) for which we are just as responsible as any other country in the world. I am not sure, really, that in many respects we have not forced the pace, especially in the matter of ship-building. The result is that we are helping to frighten other countries, and there is an undue distrust and this idea, that if one country has anything, other countries are preparing to seize it. We think that Germany is preparing to attack us and Germany thinks that we are preparing to attack her. And the result is that the Press in both countries are doing their very best to work up this feeling of panic. (Ministerial cheers.) Within the few years in the compass of my Parliamentary life we have increased the expenditure of this country by what would be more than sufficient to provide an old-age pension for every man over 65 and to provide a fund for the sick and unemployed as well. Now I think really it is a very serious matter. But the House of Commons is just as responsible for this. I have sat during many Army and Navy debates in this House, and what is the experience of every Minister? The bulk of the people who are interested in the finances of the country are not represented, but you get men who are specially interested in some branch of the Services, and each gets up to urge some fresh expenditure, and Ministers who are connected with the Treasury find that there is no one there as a friend of economy. The expenditure goes up. The House of Commons itself ought to take a matter of this kind in hand. If they do not—and here I agree absolutely with the hon. member for Dulwich—there are only two ways of providing for social reform. One is reducing expenditure, the other is increasing taxation. If you do not reduce expenditure, you must inevitably provide increased taxation, and if increased taxation has to be provided, and I have some hopes that it will not

be necessary, I do not agree with the criticisms of hon. gentlemen opposite that the resources of free trade finance are at an end. The wealth of this country is enormous. It is not merely great, but it is growing at a gigantic pace, and I do not think it is too much to expect the more favored part of the community who have got riches so great that they have really to spend a good part of their time in thinking how to spend them, to make up a substantial contribution to improve the lot of the poorer members of the same community to which they belong, because it is their interest after all that they should not belong to a country where there is so much poverty and distress side by side with gigantic wealth. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

Now, it will be quite clear to anyone who reads the above that the alternatives we have mentioned are clearly before the mind of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. If *The Times* and the other newspapers which cater mainly for the wealthy classes are successful in stirring up alarm and anxiety and bad feeling; if they succeed in maintaining an unnecessary expenditure on the army and adding more millions to the fleet (which already almost absorbs the produce of the income-tax), the Government will make those who call the tune pay the piper. This is not the wish of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but undoubtedly there are some important members of the Government who are not unsympathetic with the policy of another burst of extravagance in armaments. Let those who agree with us and with Disraeli that the best preparations for war are good reserves and low taxes, rather

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than huge armaments, let their opinions be known. If they do not, there is a grave danger that the higher classes of income-tax payers will discover when it is too late that those who claim to be their champions in the Press and Parliament have been their worst enemies. They should read Mr. Bonar Law's demand for an addition of ten millions to our naval expenditure, along with Mr. Philip Snowden's attempt to prove that a 10 per cent tax on the incomes of the rich would yield 20 millions a year. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer is forced to yield to the clamor of the chauvinists and militarists, is it not a moral certainty that the means of satisfying those demands will have to be provided by that engine of taxation which was devised by Pitt for the war against Napoleon? Let us be under no delusion. The idea that the expenditure desired by Mr. Bonar Law and *The Times*, and apparently also by the Front Opposition Bench, will be met by taxing the food or clothing of the poor is chimerical. This Parliament, at any rate, will not look at any such proposal, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as we have said before, will have only one recourse—he will have to dip, and dip pretty deeply, into the rich man's pocket. For the sake both of the rich and the poor, and of the prosperity of this country as the greatest commercial community in the world, we earnestly hope that our own prescription will be preferred to that of *The Times*, and will be applied before it is too late.

ARE WILD ANIMALS BORN WILD?

One of the first characteristics of wild nature which strikes a European when he travels in foreign countries, away from the beaten paths of civili-

zation, is the changed attitude of wild animals towards him. In the interior parts of South Africa there is a peculiarity in this respect about the birds

and beasts not usually hunted for food, which, although it often escapes the notice of the less observant, engages the attention of those interested in the habits of animals. All the wild creatures of this description appear to the visitor to be much tamer than the familiar starlings, blackbirds, finches, squirrels, and the few score of forms which make up the corresponding wild fauna at home. The visitor soon notices, however, that there is a certain average distance beyond which he is not allowed to approach. Each species, just as in the case of wild forms at home, has its own limitations. While in South Africa the imaginary circle which each kind draws round itself is undoubtedly of less diameter than in England, the average distance from which man is regarded at ease is fixed and invariable. The innumerable parrots of the bush veldt seem almost tame to the Englishman. The native pigeons are somewhat wilder, but they are far less wild than the wood pigeons at home. Even the Cape sparrow, who, with his larger size and more melodious voice, mimics in the towns of South Africa the airs of his European relative, is in every respect a more friendly bird than the familiar English house sparrow. What is the meaning of these facts?

In the backwoods of Canada, or in the pine forests of the Rocky Mountains, the visitor is struck with the same peculiarities of wild life. All the creatures not actually sought after and systematically hunted—the chickarees, the gophers, and the smaller forest birds—seem to the visitor to be surprisingly tame. But everywhere there is here also to be observed the interesting fact that each species has its own set distance within which man is considered unsafe. No two forms are alike in their standards, but, wilder or tamer, all the individuals of each species adhere with most remarkable

unanimity to the standard ideas of their kind on the subject.

In endeavoring to answer the question suggested by those facts, the present writer undertook some years ago a series of experiments which led him to unexpected conclusions, and particularly with regard to one of the most deep-seated and widely received ideas of the average mind, namely, that all animals have an instinctive fear of men. The two species of wild animals with which experiments were first begun were selected as being the most shy of our native kinds. The common British field hare is a very wild and timid animal. Our native wild rabbit similarly has the distinction of being so inherently wild that it is said to be untamable. In experiments with young wild hares brought up under close observation and made familiar with persons from the earliest age, not the slightest inherent fear of human beings could be traced at any stage. The hares proved in all cases as familiar and friendly with all those around them as if they had been creatures of their own kind. Experiments with young wild rabbits gave the same results. They showed no instinctive fear whatever of man if they were kindly treated from the beginning. It is true that both the wild hares and wild rabbits retained their great natural timidity. But this was always displayed in the presence of unfamiliar sounds, movements, places, or smells. On such occasions they would suddenly become almost as wild creatures under the influence of the strong emotions excited. But when care was taken to analyze the experiences nothing was ever found to justify the conclusion that there was the slightest inbred fear of man in either case. A still more remarkable fact was that the young wild rabbits showed no instinctive fear even of a dog when made familiar with it from the beginning. These

experiments were extended to other animals; to a number of our native wild birds, to wild ducks, to seagulls, sheldrakes, and other creatures. In no case was the impression left that the young of any of the wild animals possessed from the beginning any instinctive fear of man. To all appearance their natural and inbred disposition when studied under close observation was to treat man on just as friendly and familiar terms as one of their own kind.

What, therefore, is the explanation of these remarkable facts? For at first sight they seem to run counter to all the results of accepted observation. Have we not all of us who have studied wild nature found, like Mr. Kear-ton, that the effigy of a cow or horse excites not the least alarm at the closest quarters among our native wild birds, whereas any attempt to appear in *propria persona* causes instant flight?

There seems to be room for only one explanation. The attitude of wild creatures to man, and perhaps to friends or enemies in general, is not the result of knowledge born with them, and therefore instinctive. It is the effect on them of the public opinion of their kind. It is the average result of long accumulated experience in the

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past, which is taught to the young at every generation. The simplicity and effectiveness with which this surprising result is achieved may be witnessed any Spring day in our town squares in the case of the London house sparrow. When the young sparrows first flutter from the nest they are almost tame. If we endeavor to approach them, however, there invariably comes instantaneously the loud jar of warning notes from the watchful cock sparrow, causing immediate flight in the young. This is constantly repeated during the first few days, until the young birds have acquired a knowledge of the exact distance beyond which, in the average opinion of the sparrow-world, it is not considered safe to allow man to approach. This is no doubt the explanation of the remarkable facts of wild life, as noticed at the beginning, and as they may be observed in all parts of the world. The exact relations of wild creatures to man, and to their enemies of all kinds, is the average result of the accumulated experience of countless generations of experience in the past. It is usually not inbred, but is inherited from public opinion, passed on, just as we see the London sparrow passing it on every Spring from generation to generation.

ON LETTING A CARAVAN.

Letter No. I.

Mrs. Andrew McGuppie would be glad to have particulars of Mr. Brown's caravan. A friend showed me your advertisement. Please send full details. And what about the horse? It really seems an ideal holiday. She would like to have a reply from Mr. Brown by return of post. And is it watertight? I want you to send lowest terms.

Letter No. II.

Dear Sir,—I feel I really must write to thank you for introducing me to caravanning. Your letter was most interesting, and I am sure that it is an ideal holiday, and such a nice way of seeing the country. My husband and I feel that we simply *must* go caravanning this summer. We are not quite sure about the date, but would

you please reserve the caravan for us from August 15 to 19, unless one of them is a Sunday? My husband has such strong views; and we think Lowestoft would be a nice place to start from. My brother (did I mention that he would be of the party?) is so fond of that part of Westmorland. Will you please have it sent there by rail? My little boy *Wilfred* will be four months old next Michaelmas. Do you think he will be old enough to go? There are so many things that I want to ask you. Of course my husband will cook the breakfast. He was in the Volunteers, and is quite athletic. He used to play lacrosse for Upper Tooting. The post is just going, so I must stop. Do write me *definitely*. We are quite excited to think that we will soon be on the Open Road.

I am, yours in haste,

Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. III.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Thank you so much for the plan of the caravan. It looks perfectly fascinating, and I think it will be a splendid way to see the country. I am going to get a short skirt with a leather binding, and my Aunt (did I mention that she is going to join us? She hopes to come if she can get away; but she has a very important position in an office, and is never certain if she can be spared. I am sure that it would do her so much good, and she thinks it will be an ideal holiday), says I should have a strong walking-stick.

Now, my dear Mr. Brown, would it trouble you too much to make some small structural alterations in the caravan? (We think "Boa-constrictor" is such a pretty name—so unusual.) For one thing we would like the beds in the kitchen. Unfortunately I suffer at nights from cold feet, and the doctor tells me a little drop of something hot about 1.15 A.M. is *absolutely indispensable*;

and it would be so much more convenient to be near the stove. Then is the roof removable? My brother-in-law (did I say that he will be one of us?) has been advised by his medical man to try the fresh-air cure for his laryngitis. I know I had some more questions to ask, but I must wait till my husband comes home, so I shall post this to-day, and you can let us know definitely by Sunday.

I am, sincerely yours,

Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. IV.

Dear Mr. Brown,—We are so disappointed and surprised that it would cost £8 to send the caravan to Lowestoft, and as you say the rent will only amount to £2 12s. 6d. we can perfectly understand that you do not wish to pay all that. It would be most unreasonable of us to expect it. Would it not be fair to both of us if you were to pay half of it?

Please let me know *definitely* by return of post. We are so much excited at the prospect of becoming real gipsies.

I am, yours very sincerely,

Effie McGuppie.

P.S.—What do you mean exactly by the expression "brake"? These technical terms are so puzzling.

Letter No. V.

My dear Mr. Brown,—I feel that I must not take up too much of your time, but I should be so grateful if you would answer one or two little questions before we come to a definite decision.

(1) Would there be room to take a mangle? Of course we shall do all our own washing. I think that is the charm of it—don't you?

(2) Do you think the under-gardener (we shall have to take him) would be able to drive the horse?

(3) Will you kindly put in a hassock for my aunt?

(4) Is it best to take the horse out of the shafts, if we decide to stay *several* nights in one place?

Please send me *full details*.

I am, yours very sincerely,

Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. VI.

Mrs. McGuppie is surprised not to have had any reply to her last three letters to *Mr. Brown*. I hope he will write at once, as she will not be able to take your caravan unless she knows definitely by return of post.

Letter No. VII.

My dear Mr. Brown,—Many thanks for your letter. There seem to be a dreadful lot of difficulties in the way. I am afraid we shall have to give up the Lowestoft idea after all, but we cannot possibly start from Chester, as my cousin (did I say that my husband had asked him to join us?) finds the climate there too bracing. I think it is very unreasonable of you not to make the small alterations I suggested; and I don't at all agree with you about the sleeping accommodation. I am sure we shall all be able to crowd in somehow. Of course we shall be roughing it, but I think that is half the charm of it—don't you? It seems so difficult to get anything settled, and now the under-gardener has a dreadful cold in his head. But cheer up, *Mr.*

Puneh.

Brown. We shall get everything fixed somehow, and I know it will be an ideal holiday, and much the best way to see the country. We shall be perfect *vagabonds*.

Always very sincerely yours,

Effie McGuppie.

(Seventeen letters and three postcards omitted.)

Letter No. XXV.

Dear Sir,—I see from your letter that you have made up your mind not to let me the caravan under any circumstances. I cannot understand why you are so inconsistent. You have wasted a great deal of my time. I think it would be best to buy it. What price would you take for the "Boa-constrictor"? (We shall of course change that ridiculous name.) Please write definitely, and send full details.

Yours faithfully,

Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. XXVI.

Dear Sir,—We have given up all idea of caravanning, and are going to the Austrian Tyrol instead, as my husband is very fond of the sea.

I remain, yours truly,

Effie McGuppie.

P.S.—I do not think you can have seriously meant the price you mention. It's ridiculous. One could get a second-hand dog-cart for that.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The second volume of "The Plays of Euripides," in Everyman's Library, includes the Bacchanals, Alcestis, Medea, Hippolytus, Ion, the Phœnician Damsels, the Suppliants, Hercules Distracted and the Children of Hercules. The translations are by Shelley, Dean

Milman, Potter and Woodhull. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Rowland E. Prothero's charming and suggestive book on "The Psalms in Human Life," which was noticed in these pages when first published sev-

eral years ago, now reappears in the Everyman's Library, and will reach thousands of readers who might not have been able to possess themselves of it in the more expensive edition. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Rev. Samuel T. Carter's "Wanted—A New Theology" is, as the title implies, a protest against what the author regards as mischievous or outworn in the old or current theology, and an appeal for a broader and more joyous faith. Itself at once a symptom and an expression of the prevailing religious unrest, it harks back to what the author looks upon as the oldest and truest theology of all, that which fell from the lips of Jesus. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

To the series of volumes on the Art Collections of Europe, of which E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers, there is added a volume descriptive of Paintings in the Churches and Minor Museums of Florence. It is a critical catalogue, arranged alphabetically by churches and museums, and its value is enhanced by quotations from Vasari, which Maud Cruttwell, who edits the book, herself translates as notes to the descriptions of the pictures. There are numerous miniature reproductions of pictures and frescoes. The book will prove an invaluable companion to any one visiting the Florentine churches, chapels and museums.

Several important additions are made to Everyman's Library in the department of Biography. Carlyle's "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches" fills three volumes. The Introduction by W. A. Shaw, is somewhat more critical than is the wont of introductions, and explains at some length the differences in the points of view of Carlyle and later historians of the same period. Voltaire's "History of Charles XII.

King of Sweden" which some modern historians characterize as a "romance" but whose vividness and graphic power give it a firm hold on the interest of the reader, is newly translated into English by Miss Winifred Todhunter, and is furnished with a note by the translator, an introduction by Mr. Rhys, editor of the series, and a prefatory word by John Burns, who pays personal tribute to the inspiration received from the example of Charles XII. George Henry Lewes's "The Life and Works of Goethe" is reprinted, not in its abridged form as "The Story of Goethe's Life," but complete, with the author's final revision. Havelock Ellis furnishes the Introduction. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's "My Alpine Jubilee" comes nearer to being a new book than any volume lately published with his name on the title page, for it is composed of six letters written in 1907 while in the Alps, and published in the Times; two other Times papers, "Sir Leslie Stephen," part of a Cornhill article which appeared in 1904, and "Mountaineering," published in the Westminster Review in 1864. Nominally, the last paper alone answers the puzzled Phillistine's "Why do they do it?" as he reads a chronicle of what seem to him most discouraging discomforts, undergone for the sake of emulating the feat of the King of France and his twenty thousand men; really the entire group forms an answer to the question, and brings forward so many reasons why man should climb the Alps as to open a new world of enjoyment to him to whom the pleasure has yet to come. It is to be remembered that it is fifty-six years since Mr. Harrison made his first ascent and that he has travelled long and far, and has seen the sea and the desert and sets the Alps above them all, calling them a second fatherland. If

one never climb a mountain one may at least learn something of the heart of the climber from this book. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The literary species represented by "North American Trees," by Dr. Nathaniel Lord Britton and Dr. John Adolf Shafer, has existed from a period long antecedent to that of the showy but fragile hybrid known as "nature books," is much longer-lived, and has a much greater range. The bark is thick, smooth, and of a dark green color, except on the back which is gilded in a tasteful pattern. In size the book is about twelve by ten inches; its leaves have a broad white border about a space covered with clear, handsome markings, and spaces of varying size on which appear representations of the leaves, fruit, flower, and bark of other species. Among the markings may be traced the Latin and English names of every variety to be found among the pictures, and on the cluster of leaves of the very latest growth are indexes of both the Latin and the English names of all the species. Altogether this is a stout, handsome specimen, sure to be long-lived if properly placed and treated with moderate care, and making a second variety of its species unnecessary in any library. The book belongs to the American Nature Series in which two volumes, "Fishes," by President Jordan, and "American Insects," by Professor V. L. Kellogg are already issued. These books are intended to be exhaustive, and although somewhat costly they are cheap compared to the large number of small books necessary to give the same information. Also, they are infinitely more convenient than groups of books, each covering a limited territory. Henry Holt & Co.

At a period in which nearly all of the authors most widely read count

their books by tens rather than by units, there are few stories abounding in such joyous fervor as breathes along the lines of Mr. Theodore Roberts's last two novels, for it is not a matter of art but the spontaneous involuntary rejoicing of the strong man ready to run a race. "Let me tell you this story," the author seems to cry; "tell it to you exactly as it was: it is so beautiful a story!" As yet his way of telling it is not always perfect; he has not yet entirely mastered his craft, and there are some matters in which many a journeyman could show him a trick of the trade, but their impression is lost in sympathy with the author's pleasure in his creation. His newest book is a tale of the reign of that First George whose absurdities following on the agitations and uncertainties of the last Stuart reign, repelled loyal England from its proper centre, the Court leaving society to break into fortuitous aggregations in which an unmasculine element unduly predominated. The hero, the victim of a malady not even observed until later in the century, and not classified until the next century was near its close, suffers from a temporary lapse of self-consciousness and plunges through the maddest adventures in response to promptings which he cannot interpret. Chance brings him rescue and he learns the truth from the kindest of teachers, but he is not himself when the book leaves him, and the author owes the reader a sequel. The extraordinary disorder and discomfort of the time after a century of civil war and dissension often blended with foreign war; the consequent openings for audacity and originality, and the frequency of swift and sudden fatalities are well brought home to the reader and the volume serves excellently to illustrate a reign not fully represented in fiction. But Mr. Roberts should write his sequel. L. C. Page & Co.